

B V
2065
D3

THE DAY BREAKING



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. BV 2065

Shelf . D3

Copyright - 18.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







✓
THE
DAY BREAKING;

7292.

OR,

LIGHT IN DARK LANDS.



PREPARED FOR CONTRIBUTORS FOR MISSION SCHOOLS.



BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

MISSIONARY HOUSE, 33 PEMBERTON SQUARE.

1870.

DV 2065
D 3

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by
THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE:
STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY
H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY.

INTRODUCTION.

CHILDREN do not like to read prefaces or introductions, at least I did not when I was a little girl. But I wish you would read this. It is short, and I would like to tell you why this little book has been published.

Many of the Sabbath-schools are helping to sustain mission schools among the heathen; some support pupils in the seminaries, who we hope will become teachers among their own people; and a few pay the salaries of Bible-women, or native preachers.

It was thought the children who help so cheerfully should have some return for their kindly aid, and it was promised some months ago, as "good news" for the helping hands, that the missionaries, especially missionary women, would be asked to send you some stories of their life, of their scholars, and of the schools and seminaries.

They have willingly responded to this call, and the book is made up mostly from their letters and stories. It is to be distributed among those who give to mission schools (and to some who have not given yet),

hoping thus to deepen, or awaken an interest in this good work for Christ, who has done so much for us, and to hasten on the dawn of day in "dark lands."

Dear children, Christ did not die for you alone. "All souls are mine," God says; and the light from the cross of Christ reveals in every soul a priceless treasure, dear to God, and which He would not lose. God sent his Son to save sinful souls, — the "King of kings," for this lowly work. And if to carry this glad news, Christian missionaries, men and women of brightest genius and ripest culture, have left home, friends, and country, going to the most debased and savage tribes of the far Pacific, to dark Africa, to the land of the "crescent," to India, and to China, — yes, even to the "ends of the earth," — will not you, too, gladly help in the work, and become colaborers with them, by your prayers and your pennies, with willing hearts and helping hands?

EDITOR.

December, 1863.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
TURKEY	7
A CALL FROM TURKEY	8
LETTERS FROM HARPOOT	13
A BLIND STUDENT AT MARSOVAN	22
THE NESTORIAN MISSION	27
STORIES FROM PERSIA	28
JESSAMINE AND MIRIAM	32
STORY OF DEACON SEGO	37
INDIA	40
A MISSIONARY ON A TOUR	41
A THREE DAYS' RIDE	42
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AT MANA MADURA	45
A SABBATH EVENING IN INDIA	50
STORY OF PERIANAIAKAM	54
"MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE"	58
GOOD WORDS NOT LOST	59
CHINA	60
MAKING CALLS	62
OUR JOURNEY FROM PEKING TO YUJO	65
THE LITTLE BLIND GIRL	69
THE ZULU MISSION	70
AN INVITATION	71
MICRONESIA	77
TO THE OWNERS OF THE "MORNING STAR"	79
A SABBATH AT APAIANG	85

	PAGE
RAIN FROM HEAVEN	88
THE HOPE OF THE CRIPPLED BOY	90
PRAYER AND THE BEAR'S PAW	91
LAST WORDS	92



ILLUSTRATIONS.

GIRLS' SCHOOL AT HARPOOT	14
HARPOOT THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY	23
REV. DR. PERKINS	28
A MISSIONARY PREACHING	41
A BULLOCK CART	43
A SCHOOL-HOUSE IN INDIA	46
A MISSIONARY'S HOUSE	50
TEMPLE AT MADURA	57
THE GODDESS OF MERCY	61
A ZULU HUT	71
THE GORILLA	76
THE "MORNING STAR"	78

THE DAY BREAKING;

OR,

LIGHT IN DARK LANDS.

TURKEY.

THE children all know that Turkey is in the eastern part of Europe and the western part of Asia, and that most of the people there are Mohammedans. But there are many who are called Christians, though they know little of Christ except his name, and very much need to have the pure gospel preached to them. Among these are the Armenians, so named from the country — Armenia — in which their fathers lived, and where many of them live now. That Mount Ararat on which the ark rested, after the flood, is supposed to be in Armenia, so this people are from “the second cradle of the human family,” and belong to a very ancient race. Missionaries of the American Board commenced laboring among them — they are now widely scattered — more than forty years ago, and now the Board has three missions in Turkey. In all, there are more than a hundred men and women from America in those three missions, and about three hundred native preachers, teachers, and other helpers in the good work, who have been educated by the missionaries, have come to love Christ, and are trying to do good to their countrymen.

There are many common schools, with more than 5,000 pupils. Each mission has one or more theological school, and in these schools, and in some station classes, more than one hundred and fifty young men are being trained up to preach the gospel to their own people. There are also boarding-schools for girls, with about one hundred and thirty pupils ; and there are over seventy churches, with nearly 3,500 members. Has not a good work been done in Turkey? We shall give you a few letters from this field first.

A CALL FROM TURKEY.

IN one of the beautiful towns of Massachusetts, once lived a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired boy, whose feet seemed hardly to touch the ground as he bounded over the smooth lawn in front of his home, and his merry laugh scattered sunshine all around him.

His baby sisters were very dear to him, but no one seemed quite so good as his kind mother, whom he loved with an unusual affection. In this dear home his school-days passed rapidly, and the time came when he must choose his life's work. His father gave him a small sum of money to devote to an education, or use in business. For a time he entered upon the latter, but he did not feel at rest. Something seemed to say to him, " You ought not to be here ; prepare yourself to preach the gospel." He entered Yale College, filled with earnest desire to fit himself for usefulness in the world. Again a voice came to him, saying, " Go tell the poor heathen the way to heaven ; carry them the

bread of life." He was in great sorrow, and the words, "How can I go? How can I go?" often escaped his lips. "Must I leave all that is dear to me, and be an exile in a far distant land?" Then came thoughts of his dear mother, and he exclaimed, in grief, "How can I go to her with the sad news, when I know it will almost break her heart? No, I will labor in this land wherever God may place me, but I cannot leave home, friends, country." Then, still more clearly, came the irresistible call, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel to the heathen." Wrestling for submission, he cried out, "Saviour, I will go if thou wilt give me strength."

The prayer was heard, and he soon bid farewell to that dear, dear mother and home, and with his fair bride sailed from Boston for his eastern home, over the seas, among strangers.

His soul was filled with the sweet peace none can give but God, and he rejoiced that he had left all to go to those who were in great darkness. We next find him at Aintab, learning the Turkish language, that he may tell the people of Jesus who so loved them that he left heaven to save them, and who had bidden him leave his home to teach them the way thither. Every day he learned some new words, and longed to use them. Soon his place of labor was decided upon. Was he to stay with the missionaries he had learned to love so dearly? No. He must go hundreds of miles away, to a dark, benighted city on the Tigris, where a very few had heard of the precious Saviour, but were calling for a teacher and the Bible.

He cannot step into the cars and in a few days reach that city. The noisy muleteers at the door, yelling and shouting as they bind on the heavy loads on pack-saddles, show you that this is Turkey and not swift-paced America. Day after day they travel on, over mountains, crossing rivers, winding along narrow paths on the steep hill-sides, fearing, many times, lest the animals may slip and they be thrown hundreds of feet into the ravines below. Then over the dry, dusty, sun-scorched plain, when night is welcome, for they are all very weary. You would all exclaim, "What a desolate, dreary place is this to stay in!" But overcome by fatigue, with robbers all around, they commend themselves to Him who never sleeps, and lie down thankfully, to a peaceful rest. Long and wearisome is the road that brings them on to their new home.

At last, far in the distance, loom up the welcome walls of the Black city, as it was called by the Romans. Soon they see the graceful minarets of the Turkish mosques, which rise far above the walls, and, although so unlike, remind them of the spires of their native land. They reach the gate of the city, and after all has been carefully examined, they are permitted to enter, and soon find their humble home. How comfortable it looks ! It will soon seem more cheerful, for a little white-wash and the *broom* will make a change, and with an additional window or two, it will make a cheerful home for those weary ones, who seek not comfort, but come to tell the poor people of Jesus, and the beautiful mansions he is preparing for those who love him.

Soon a little band is gathered to listen to God's word, and be taught from it. Many look coldly and mistrustfully on the missionary. Sometimes a stone is thrown at him. The priests curse him, and call him an infidel; the Turk thinks him only a dog. But he labors and prays, and the little flock increases; some find the precious Saviour their teacher loves, and now *they* understand why he has brought this gospel to them. They seek others, to win them to love the same dear Lord. Soon we find a little church brought together by love to the Redeemer of men. The missionary is not the only light in this dark city now. He has "sown in tears," he "reaps in joy." The small chapel will not contain the hundreds that come to listen to the truth; a larger must be found; the "weak becomes mighty." The missionary's heart cries out with joy, "Behold what God hath wrought."

A native pastor is placed over this dear church, and the missionary returns to that home of his youth, his heart beating fast and quick, as he thinks of the mother there. But alas! he is never to hear her sweet voice again. Death enters the loved home, and no mother's greeting welcomes his return.

The year passed swiftly in the home-land. Friends would fain keep him, but he listened not to their entreaties. His heart was with his little flock in the East, and soon he was again with them. Cholera had been in the place, but none of his flock had fallen. God had been good to him and to his people, and he consecrated his life anew to his chosen work.

The winter passed; summer came with its scorching

heat ; and with it the dreaded scourge returned. He was advised to seek a healthier retreat, but his flock were without a pastor, the cholera was in their midst, many had felt its power : should he leave them ? The response of his tender heart was, " Stay." He removed a short distance from the city for the safety of his family, but every day found him with medicine beside the sick-bed, or praying with the widow and orphan.

On the Sabbath he was with his people, preaching three times, and in the Sabbath-school, going from class to class, cheering all with his kind words and radiant face. On Monday he followed to the grave one of the Sabbath-school teachers, who the day before had attracted his notice by her bright face and earnest manner, and he felt that for *her* to die was great gain. Tuesday he was too ill to go to the city, and towards night it was evident that cholera was upon him. His wife feared not, hoping the disease would soon yield to the remedies they had so often used with success. But the death-angel called, and the happy spirit fled to its Maker, without even a farewell to the loved companion of his life. He died far from his dear native land, among a strange people ; but they wept for him as for a father, and with sorrowful hearts laid him to rest — rest, till the resurrection of the just.

Some of you heard him speak while on that home-visit. He speaks to you now. Listen : " Come, come, dear children," he says, " and bring the gospel to this poor people." A light has begun to shine in that great city, which we hope will never go out, but the region

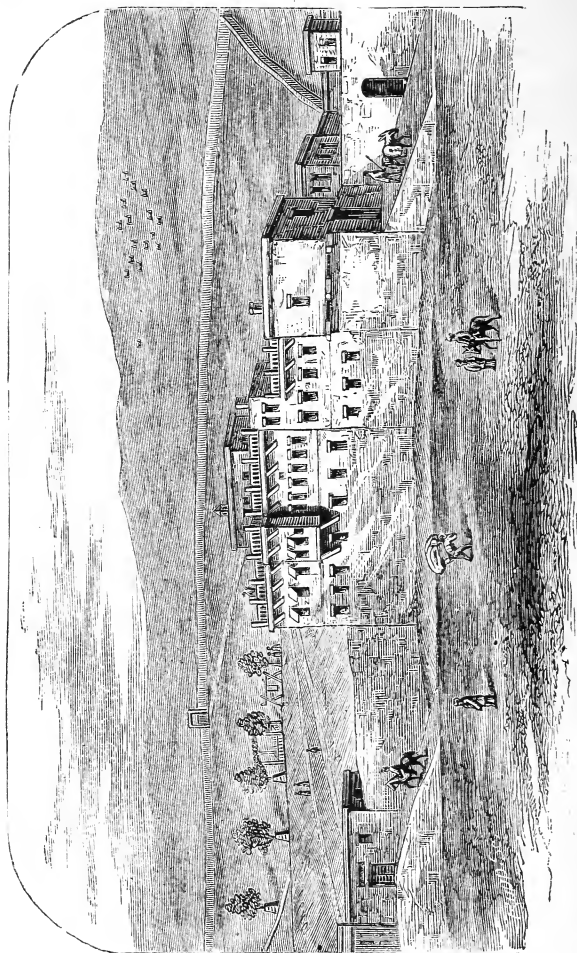
round about is still in the "darkness of the shadow of death." Dear children, will not some of you come?



LETTERS FROM HARPOOT.

A MISSIONARY went to Harpoot in Eastern Turkey, and began to preach the gospel there fifteen years ago. Now they have not only a station there, but more than seventy "out-stations" around; as many as seventeen churches (sixteen of which have native pastors), and more than four hundred members; a theological school with forty five pupils, and a girls' boarding-school with forty six. Here are some letters from the teachers, and from a few of the pupils in that girls' school. They are so full of interest we would give them to *all*, as well as to those Sabbath-schools especially interested in and supporting schools in Eastern Turkey; hoping that those not actively engaged in this work will be quickened in heart and hand to aid in sending "good news of salvation" to the lands where day is dawning.

Miss Hattie Seymour, a teacher in the school, writes to a school that had sent a good contribution: "To our great surprise and pleasure we saw in the Herald, that you had again remembered our school, by sending \$100, the proceeds of a children's concert. God bless you all, dear young friends. We know when people *give* to a good work, they are more apt to *pray* for that work with earnestness and faith. I have been looking among our pupils, and have selected three, to whom your last gift is to be applied, and they have written



GIRLS' SCHOOL AT HARPOOT.

letters to you of which I send you the translations. It has crossed my mind several times that, perhaps, sending *three* more letters is rather overdoing the matter — is sending *too much* of a good thing. But I want you to know that we appreciate your kind remembrance, and I wish you to know about each one whom you support, that you may pray more intelligently for them. The writer of the first letter is Marane, about twenty-eight years of age, from the city of Malatia. She is a widow who became a Protestant against the wishes of her friends and family, and regardless of all their persecutions (her mother especially being very bitter), came to this school, where she could be fitted to labor for Christ. She speaks of ‘preaching:’ this people call almost any long talk on religious subjects preaching. She sometimes goes to the other side of the city, and gets the women together for a meeting and talks to them, and so this talk she calls preaching. She is one of our most useful women. She seems to work for Christ with joy, from love to him.

Translation of Marane's Letter.

“ ‘HARPOOT, — 1869.

“ ‘Beloved Friends in Christ. — Though you are unacquainted with me, nevertheless your love constrains me, that by my little letter I make evident my thankfulness. Very thankful am I, first to God and afterwards to you, that the Holy One has prepared beloved friends like you, that for me, the weak one, you give care as for yourselves. I know that this is love to God and not another thing. The All-powerful One give a reward to you. Before, I did not know who provided

for me, though always, when I made prayer, I said, "Those caring for me, bless." Nevertheless, when my beloved teacher, Miss Seymour, said, "A Sabbath-school provides for you," I thought, "I see you by faith;" and so much I loved you that I say, "Blessed would it be if all such Christ-loving ones I might see in this world." Nevertheless I know that such a thing is impossible, but I hope, if faithful I am found, in heaven I shall see you. If about me information you wish, I am a widow. I know that it is possible you have heard about me, but more I wish to relate to you. Brother or father I have not; one little boy I have. Myself and my child altogether to Christ I have given; so let him do to me as in his eyes is pleasant. All my heart he knows, and he knows whether he has chosen me, that in his sweet work I labor. Blessed be his holy will. And I know that for me you make prayer; nevertheless I beseech that for me you make *much* prayer, for I am very weak. I for you always pray, and I also *will* pray. And I a mother have, who is not a Christian; I beseech that for her you make much prayer, that the Lord give his Holy Spirit to her. Though I am in the school, sometimes for preaching also I go, because much I love the preaching to undying souls. Already all my joy is this. Very thankful am I also to my beloved teachers, that much care they give for us. This year my course is completed in the school. I hope that through Christ I shall be useful. With love I salute you all, and my salutations I give to all your friends. In health remain, to the glory of Christ.

"I remain your sister,

"MARANE, OF MALATIA."

“The one who writes the following letter is Perapeone, an orphan, twelve years of age. Her three married brothers with whom she lives, are students in the theological seminary here, and another brother is a preacher in a distant village. She has been well brought up, is obedient in school and diligent in her lessons. She asks you to pray that she may have a new heart. I hope you will not forget it.

Translation of Perapeone's Letter.

“To my kind ones in America, with humility I send this.

“My Beloved Benefactors, — Very thankful am I to you that by doing kindness you have provided that I be able to read the Holy Book, and to learn about the loving Saviour, and what he did for leading us to heaven. While for me you *provide*, I beseech that for me you *pray*, that the Holy Spirit change and renew my heart, that I become a good girl and worthy of your kind remembrance. I a thing have not to send you, only all the days of my life I will beseech the Saviour Jesus, that as the reward to the one giving a cup of cold water is not lost, to you also there be a recompense.

“I remain your humble girl,

“PERAPEONE ENFIAJEAN.”

“The last letter is from Lusig. This is her first year in school. She is a very modest, quiet, reliable girl. I was speaking to her to-day about trying to please Jesus in little things. She said, ‘Two or three

years ago, when the missionaries were in my village, there was a great awakening, and my heart was full of joy all the time. And till a little while ago I was very joyful in Christ. When I prayed I loved to lift my eyes to heaven ; prayer was very sweet to me ; but now I am careless, and much I mourn for this, and I ask the girls to pray for me, that those blessed days may come again.'

"We sometimes call up the girls separately to our room, and talk with them about loving Jesus. Lusig said to me to-day, 'Whenever you call one of the girls to your room I always say to myself, blessed would I be if I were the one they called. With great longing I wait to hear your sweet counsel.' Dear children, should you not think it would be very pleasant to teach such loving scholars? It is indeed. I must say I do not know of one among our fifty-two pupils, who does not try hard to please her teachers. But here is Lusig's letter :—

" 'Beloved Friends in Christ, — Very thankful am I to you for showing such care and solicitude to bring me to Christ. Thankful am I that for my temporal wants you provide, and again thankful am I that an uncultivated girl like me you bring to this school that I be trained. A few years before this I did not know about you. Blessed be God that such friends he provided in Christ. Though I have not seen you, very thankful am I to you that for me such goodness you do. I beseech that for me you make much prayer, that these blessings and goodnesses be not a condemna-

tion to me, and that I, for working in the Lord's vineyard, become a useful laborer. Already this is my desire. I am fourteen years old.

“‘LUSIG HAROOTUNEAN’

(which means Little Light, daughter of Harootune).

“Harootune, or Resurrection, is a common name in this country, and so are Ascension, Baptism, etc. I must not forget to tell you about your Marcared. [Another pupil supported by a Sabbath-school in America.] She came to me this morning with a beaming face, and told me that yesterday (Sunday) she went with her father to a village near where he was to preach. After his sermon she had a meeting with eight women. There is much opposition to the truth in that village, and few can be persuaded to listen. She read a chapter in Isaiah and talked with them about it. After her meeting she talked to the women, and sung many hymns for them. Hundreds of these beautiful hymns that you sing in Sabbath-schools, are translated into Armenian. Marcared sung one that particularly pleased them, —

‘Forever here my rest shall be
Close by thy bleeding side,’ —

with the chorus, —

‘I do believe, I now believe.’

One woman urged her to repeat it, and said, ‘If you will sing that hymn again to me, I believe I shall become a Protestant.’ Marcared said she read the thirty-second chapter of Isaiah, and talked to the women from the

ninth verse. I must say I was quite amused at the text of this girl, thirteen years old, — ‘ Rise up, ye women that are at ease ; hear my voice, ye careless daughters ; give ear unto my speech.’ I have no doubt these women were at ease in their sins, and the Holy Spirit may have spoken with authority through this little girl, words that shall be blessed to their awakening and conversion. Marcared said, ‘ I am not able to relate to you how sweet it was to talk to them.’

“ Forgive the length of my letter. I do ask you most earnestly to pray for us, — not the children only, but your superintendent, your teachers, and those in the Bible classes. And may the Holy Spirit descend with rich blessings on *your* school, thus proving that precious promise, ‘ He that watereth, shall be watered also himself.

“ Your sister in Christ,

“ HATTIE SEYMOUR.”

Letter from Miss M. E. Warfield.

“ HARPOOT, —, 1869.

“ Dear Young Friends, — It gives us much encouragement and hope to know that the children in our beloved land remember us, and contribute from their spending-money that these poor women and girls at Harpoot may learn to read God’s word, and teach those who are more ignorant and degraded than they. We are glad to receive the money, not only because you are interested in the school, but *also* because it gives us hope that you are praying for it. You do not know, dear little friends, how many you may be the

means of bringing to Christ by your prayers. Although you are not *here* to work for these girls, you can ask the Lord to bless them, and thus do them good for the Lord has promised to hear and answer the prayer of faith. But I was intending to tell you something of Mariam (Mary), whom I have chosen to be the recipient of your gifts. I requested her to write, thinking you would feel a deeper interest in her could you have a few words from her own pen. As you will learn from her letter, she is only twelve years of age. She is quite small and pretty, with her rosy cheeks and sparkling black eyes. She has also had much better home training than most of our girls, and is quite polite and genteel in her manners. I think you would love her could you see her happy face, and you would then feel more anxious that she receive a good education. She has only been in the seminary about three months, and has not, of course, progressed far in her studies. She had learned to read before coming here, as she came from a Protestant family. Her father is the chief man in Mashkir, her native village. We hope she is truly anxious to know the way of life, and become a child of God; and for this you must *especially* pray, that the Lord would indeed make her one of the lambs of his fold.

“But I will not write more, except to urge you, dear children, while praying for Mariam, to consecrate *yourselves* to the Lord and to his work.

“The following is the translation of Mariam’s letter:—

“ ‘ HARPOOT, —, 1869.

“ ‘ My dear Friends in Christ, — I am very thankful that you take so much pains in order to bring me to Christ. Again, I am thankful that you care for my body, and also educate in school an uncultivated child like me. I never knew you. It was the favor of God that brought me here, and made me feel that I may become a useful laborer in the Lord’s vineyard. I, being a girl of twelve years old, shall always remember you in my prayers, and beseech that you also remember me. If you wish to know about my state it is this: When I came from home my heart was filled with sin; all the time it was sinful. After two months I felt my sins, and for a time I loved to pray, but now, as before in my home, my heart is full of sin. I beseech you to pray for me that I may leave off sinning, and love praying as before.

“ ‘ MARIAM MARDAROSIAN.’

“ Hoping to hear from you again, I remain,

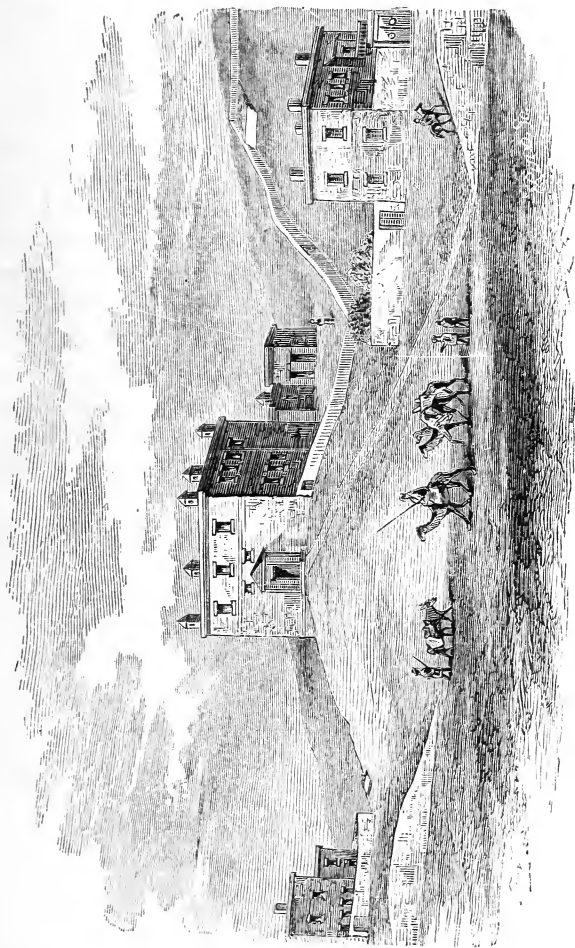
“ Your friend in Christ,

“ M. E. WARFIELD.”

A BLIND STUDENT AT MARSOVAN.

BY REV. J. Y. LEONARD.

MARSOVAN is in the northern part of Turkey, about three hundred and fifty miles east of Constantinople, and not very far from the Black Sea. The Western Turkey Mission has its theological school there. It had twenty-three students last year. Mr. Leonard,



HARPOOT THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

one of the missionaries, has written to the children about one of the students, who was blind :—

A blind student in the theological school at Marsovan ! “A queer place for a blind man,” the dear children will think. How can he study ? And will he be a minister ? That is just what I am about to tell you. When Harootune first came to the school he had not much learning, but he loved Jesus, and he wanted to tell his ignorant countrymen of Christ who came to save sinners. Though he could not see the beautiful sunlight, the green fields, or the blue sky, his soul had been filled with the heavenly light, and he pitied the poor Armenians who had no Bible, and knew not of the Saviour.

The students gave Harootune a kindly welcome. They would help him to take care of his room, would read aloud the lessons in his hearing, and patiently explain whatever he did not comprehend that the teachers had said at recitation or lecture. The people also expressed their love for him in pleasant ways. One good woman made for him a bed stuffed with wool, others gave him articles of clothing, and sometimes he was a guest at their family picnics, under the great walnut-trees in the vineyards. He soon became familiar with the streets, and could go where he pleased, without a guide.

Sometimes he was invited to conduct the weekly prayer-meeting in the chapel. Blind Harootune never made any excuses, but accepted willingly, for he was ever ready to “stand up for Jesus.” How do you think

he managed to get along without eyes? I seem to see him now, as he rises from his seat behind the communion-table. Reverently he lays aside his red cap with its tassel, — since the head must be uncovered in worship, — gives out the hymn and recites it; and then, after singing and prayer, names the chapter and reads it, — not out of the book, but out of his *brain*, for he has the whole Gospel of Matthew there, and in his heart. Then follows the exhortation, full of earnestness and Christian love; and he closes by calling on “Brother Peter” (Bedras), or “Brother Jacob” (Hagop), or “Brother Cherubim” (Kerôpè) to offer prayer.

Blind Harootune has sold many Bibles in the streets of Constantinople and other cities. Two years ago we employed him as a colporter in Amasia. He soon became familiar with the streets, and gained many friends in the shops and inns. You would think a blind man would get a great many hard knocks, and learn to be very cautious; but Harootune always seemed to be a *bold* man. I remember one day galloping with him (and he was very fond of a good horse) across the Marsovan plain, where there are many paths, but no fences. Following the sound of my horse’s hoofs, he would press on, leaping ditches, dodging swampy grounds, and dashing through the river; and he enjoyed it right heartily.

An amusing incident occurred in Amasia, which I must tell you about. A young friend from another town lost his way one evening in wandering about the city. Presently he met Harootune and told him his distress. “Follow me,” said Harootune; “I will show

you the way : the darkness and light are both alike to me." So saying, he quickly brought the young man home. Thus the blind man became eyes to him who had two eyes. In like manner, we trust, he may guide many a wandering soul to the Saviour's fold.

And now that I have told you so much about blind Harootune, would you not like to see a letter from him? Here is one, written by his own hand ; but if I should send it to the printer just as it is, he could neither copy nor read its crooked, hooked marks ; so I will translate for him. The letter was given to a missionary lady, as she was about sailing for America.

"SAMSOON, *Dec. 29, 18—.*

"Dear Mother in Christ, Mrs. —, — I am very sorry you are leaving us to return to your native land. But what can we do? It seems to be the Lord's will. I do not expect we shall see each other again in this world, but I hope that by God's grace we shall meet in heaven, and be forever with the Lord. Therefore I beg you do not forget us, and especially remember us in your prayers, that the Lord may be to us a constant comfort. Amen.

"Give my salutations to your father, and mother, and other friends. (Signed)

"HAROOTUNE, OF ERZINGAN."

By the time this letter is printed, Harootune will have graduated from the seminary, and mounted upon a pack-saddle, with his books, will probably be guiding his mule over the mountains, through mud, and snow, and cold, to sell Bibles and preach the gospel of salvation.

What one of all the favored Sabbath-schools of America, would not like to share in contributing the means of support for the "blind student of Marsovan," or for some other such laborer for Christ? Ten or twelve dollars a month is all that is needed for blind Harootune. If you send directly to Mr. Langdon S. Ward, Treasurer of the A. B. C. F. M., Missionary House, 33 Pemberton Square, Boston, you may be sure your money will reach its object.



THE NESTORIAN MISSION.—PERSIA.

THE Nestorians, like the Armenians, though called Christians, were sunk in ignorance and superstition, and almost as much in need of a pure gospel as the heathen. They live in a mountainous region on the borders of Turkey and Persia, and on the plains, east of the mountains, near Lake Oroomiah, among Moham-medans, who are their masters and greatly oppress them. Mr. Perkins, whose likeness you see here, went out in 1833 to begin a mission among them, and some others of the best of men and women have been connected with that mission,—such as Dr. Wright, Mr. Stoddard, Mr. Rhea, and Miss Fiske. A great deal of good has been done, especially by the seminaries,—one for young men and one for girls,—which have been in operation for many years, and in which there have been very precious revivals of religion. Mrs. Rhea has helped Miss Rice in the girls' school since Mr. Rhea died, and she has written very pleasant letters about that school and some of the girls in it.



DR. PERKINS.



STORIES FROM PERSIA.

BY MRS. S. J. RHEA.

YOU have invited us to send our salutations to the Sabbath-schools in America, which support girls in our school in Persia. We are glad to do so. We

love to keep the ties between us fresh and strong. We love to think of those dear friends as partakers in our labors, both by prayers and offerings. And often, when great and unmerited blessings come to us, or in "weakness we are made strong," we say to ourselves, with gladness and comfort, "now some one over the sea is praying for us." There have been many occasions to say this since the beginning of the year. We have received such peculiar manifestations of divine power and mercy, that it would be ingratitude not to acknowledge the good hand of our God upon us.

Special revival blessings were not apparent during the week of prayer, as in some former years, and faith was sorely tried by the delay. But in cases of severe and protracted illness, both in the school and in the mission families, there were sounds of Christ knocking at the door of some hearts. One of these sufferers was Ra-ha-nee (Fragrance), the young wife of Priest Oshana, of T'khoma. While he was yet a teacher at Seir, two years ago, he brought her to our school, with her companion, Miriam, the wife of Benjamin. They were not promising, either in person or manners, at first, and their peculiar dialect and nasal tones made it neither easy nor pleasant to converse with them. We tried to see what they could do, and set them at sewing, and house work, and learning "aliph, beet" (a, b, c). The stitches were a sight to behold, so long and crooked! The house work was a severe trial of patience, and very funny withal. I have an amusing scene of the first lessons before me now, — the back-yard of the seminary, Miss R., in her work apron,

holding a dish of sand, and earnestly gesticulating, Rahanee holding a door with one hand, and pretending to scrub it with the other, with about as much skill or effect as one would expect from a clumsy buffalo! "Aliph, beet" was very difficult too, but they persevered and soon were spelling. They then began to wake up and take better hold of everything, and even love to hear about Jesus, the dear Saviour, and how he has opened the way of salvation. But *this* was incomprehensible, and though desiring the truth, — Rahanee, especially, more and more, with deep feeling and weeping and earnest seeking, — they groped about in the thick darkness of unbelief. When we asked Rahanee's husband how long he wished to keep her in the seminary, he answered, with solemnity and feeling, "Till she is converted."

If this was the end and aim of her coming, she pursued it faithfully, and the promise "when ye shall seek me with the whole heart, ye shall find me" was fulfilled to this earnest woman. The Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in his wings, dispelling the clouds and gloom, and with a gentle, childlike faith, she began to trust in and cling to Jesus. And now behold the change! Old things passed away, all became new. Is *that* Rahanee? — that open, beaming face — those soft, loving, intelligent eyes, gazing so earnestly on the teacher, and melting into tears when her Saviour is the theme? What skill her fingers have acquired; how quick she understands, how well she learns; what a pleasant pupil and ornament in the school!

When after the winter vacation measles broke out in the school, Rahanee was one of the first to take them. Lung fever followed, and she was long and dangerously sick, but patient and gentle throughout. After several weeks of suffering she became convalescent, and it was pleasant to have her at our morning prayers again, though her presence was frail and shadowy, and her face quite colorless. After a few days, on a slight attack of cold, she relapsed, and all the worst symptoms returned. Her lungs congested, and she seemed rapidly sinking in death.

How did the house built on the rock stand now? Did the gold melt in the furnace? Did the Shepherd forsake the lamb he had led in green pastures? No! Calmly she faced the king of terrors. Miss R. says, in a note written us at that time, "The doctor was in a few minutes since, and he thinks there is but little hope for her. He says there may be a change in a few hours, or she may live a day. She is conscious of no pain now, and lies very quietly, gratefully acknowledging every prayer and every attention. How comforting the hope that Rahanee is ready to enter heaven! Last night she told me that she often longed to go to see the Saviour who had purchased her soul with his own precious blood. She is full of gratitude that she was ever brought to our school to learn the sweetness of a Saviour's love. She is peaceful, clasping the New Testament, the gift of her husband, and clinging closely to the Saviour."

During those days it began to be "a time of love" in our dear school. The Saviour, with a still small voice,

began to call, "Look unto me, and be ye saved ;" and first the Christians began to "look," and were subdued and melted by *his* dying love, who was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities. A spirit of tenderness and prayerfulness was awakened, and earnest hands were stretched out in efforts to save sinners. Even Rahanee's hands, now fast losing all their skill, were so employed, as she pleaded with her companion, the still unreconciled Miriam, to give herself to Christ.

Now the voice of united supplication went up as from one heart in Rahanee's behalf, that the Great Physician would grant healing mercies ; and *the prayer of faith saved the sick!* The dying one was restored, and the streams of life began to flow again! She is willing still to live or die for Christ, just as seems best to her precious Saviour. We hope that, in the warmer days, her husband will come and take her home, and that she may ever be found, even in the dark fastnesses of her mountain home, faithfully witnessing for Christ.



JESSAMINE AND MIRIAM.

BY MRS. RAY.

Two girls came to our school from Bootan, a district in the Koordish Mountains, on the banks of that ancient river the Tigris. Their names are Yessimine (Jessamine) and Miriam. Miriam is the sister of Mar Yosip, a young bishop, evangelical, and educated in our male seminary. He persuaded Miriam to learn to read ;

a thing quite unknown here — a woman able to read! The lessons were difficult for her dark, untutored mind. She used to cry over them bitterly; yet she persevered, and read through the New Testament, in spite of tears. One summer, in going out to her daily toil, with other girls, to gather nutgalls, she met with Jessamine, and she being willing to learn and bear the disgrace of reading, was taught the alphabet by Miriam, as they rested under the oaks. Then Mar Yosip told them of our school, and they said they would like to come; but all their friends opposed. “It is shameful!” they exclaimed. “Why should they go off to Oroomiah! Such a thing was unheard of! Why should they read? Were they deacons, or priests, or bishops?” It was very hard, but especially so for Jessamine, as she was not even a bishop’s sister, and none of her kindred could read. Miriam’s uncle, out of patience, said to her father, “I would beat Miriam and forbid her going to school!” But her father said, “No, let her do as she pleases.” From that Miriam took courage and begged more earnestly, and said they “need never give her anything but permission to go.” But they would not relent. They could not send her away “in peace,” and when Mar Yosip left for Oroomiah, these girls stole away from home and joined him, weeping as they came, and verily forsaking father, mother, brothers, sisters, houses and land, kindred and friends, for Christ’s sake and the gospel’s, that “they might learn this way” more perfectly.

The toilsome journey of sixteen days they performed on foot. I cannot describe to you the dangers and

hardships of the way, but I know them to be many and great ; and when I think of these young girls, braving and surmounting them all, to attain (to them) an unknown good, their faith appears almost sublime. They reached here safely in May. As our school was not in session, we brought them with us to Mount Seir, where they at once began daily lessons.

Everything was strange and hard at first. It was amusing to witness their first efforts in writing and figures. Such hieroglyphics ! Neither they nor any one else could read them. Then to hear them spell long words ! I shall never forget Jessamine's attempting, scores of times, one day, to spell the "capital of Turkey," Constantinopolis ! She could not speak it, either slow or fast. What mysteries to them the maps — their zones, and the great circles, the countries and capitals ! Yet they were not appalled, but their steady patience and great diligence filled us with admiration, as we saw their zeal and determination to learn. Every one seemed to feel kindly towards them, and the term "*shapatni*" (which means, in American slang, "backwoods" or "greenhorn") I never heard applied to them, though the people of the plain are generally very ready to give opprobrious names to the mountaineers.

We found these girls as teachable and faithful in work as in lessons. They soon learned to sweep, make beds, and put rooms in order *our way* ; to wash dishes, and wait on table. Whenever Dr. Perkins had company, he would let them come and assist in the kitchen and dining-room, which they esteemed a privilege ; and they looked nicely as they moved about, with their

cheerful faces and the new calico dresses which Dr. Perkins had given them, and most of which they had made. They attended Syriac prayers at Dr. Perkins's, where they first learned to sing, and where they daily recited, from memory, long passages of Scripture. In regard to their work, whatever it might be, they never grumbled nor looked cross, or slighted it; and they learned to do about everything, even to taking care of the baby, which Miriam does in such a kind, gentle manner that she has completely won Sophie's heart. I can never forget her affectionate devotion to my poor sick child, by day and night, when she was near unto death and needed tenderest watching.

Last summer was a sickly season and we had no physician near. These Bootan girls were often sick, and we sometimes feared they might never recover. Our anxiety and responsibility no one can estimate who has never borne such burdens. We could only seek the Great Physician. In the fall Jessamine was very sick, the fever lasting weeks, bringing her lower and weaker, until the grave seemed not far off. What a thought of agony, that she might die a stranger to the covenant of mercy! We earnestly prayed, "O Lord, let her not die out of Christ." Our prayers were answered. She slowly recovered, and when we talked to her about her soul, often seemed serious and thoughtful. When the Spirit came upon us like a "rushing, mighty wind," after the week of prayer at the new year, in none were his influences more manifest than in these Bootan girls. They went about their daily tasks with faces tearful and full of despair; and

when free from their work, would steal away to the prayer-closets, and fall upon their knees before the throne of grace, as lost, yet bound to "*perish there*." Their request at the familiar meetings was, "Pray for us. We would see Jesus, this our first winter here." At Miss Rice's dawn prayer-meeting they were always present, pleading the promise, "They that seek me *early* shall find me." We could not talk with them well for their *much* weeping. We *could* pray for them, never doubting either that Jesus would bring them peace, or their fitness for the blessing — as

"All the fitness he requireth,
Is to *feel* the *need* of him."

One morning Miriam said to Miss Rice, that Satan had beset her weak and trembling soul, and she feared he was drawing her away from the cross. She was reminded of the promises in such a time of need. It was like the piercings of a sword to Jessamine to remember "all those years in Bootan," that she had never thought of Christ, or felt the value of his precious blood.

We soon began to feel anxious for their health, which was suffering by reason of sorrow and fasting. We urged one and another, skillful in winning souls, to talk and pray with them, and point them to the cross! While they were yet groping in this darkness, light dawned, and the "Sun of Righteousness arose, with healing on his wings." Miriam says, "Light and peace filled my heart. It was new and glorious." I asked her to tell me of the change. She said, "Priest John was preaching, and in his earnest way repeated the verse, — "Come now, let us reason together, saith the

Lord. Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow, though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." How sweet it seemed! such goodness! such grace! such mercy! It burst upon me like a flood of light, and with it came rest and love."

There is a peculiar solidity about Jessamine. When she truly found Christ it was like "the man that built his house upon *the rock*." She groped long in darkness, fearing to trust him wholly. She says, "It was so dark, I could not understand how he could save me." — "But you found peace?" — "Yes, I now have hope in his salvation, and with his help will cling to him while I live." "How did you find relief?" said I. "By looking to Christ — looking away from myself, and forgetting every other thought. In him I found my hope and my salvation."

So they entered the fold, these sweet girls, and there they have been ever since, humbly, prayerfully, consistently following the Shepherd as he leads them in and out in "the green pastures," and beside the "still waters" of his love.

OROOMIAH, PERSIA.

THE STORY OF DEACON SEGO.

BY REV. G. W. COAN.

AFTER a long journey through the wild regions of Koordistan, *Priest Sego*, as he is sometimes called, our colporter, brings us "good news" from the mountains.

He left Oroomiah in the fall, with two boxes of Bibles and Testaments, nearly all of which he has

sold. He was obliged to climb very high mountains, whose sides are always covered with snow, and to wind his way down by narrow, rocky paths, holding on to his mule's tail, lest she should slip off into the foaming river Zăb below. Sometimes he had to unload his animal, and carry his boxes around some jagged, jutting point by hand. Often his own "feet well-nigh slipped," but the Lord brought him safely through, with only the loss of his mule, which fell tumbling into the roaring river, and was swept out of sight. By the aid of a trusty guide, he managed to save his load. He visited the wild regions of Tiàry, and of Berwer ; he went to Amadiah, a town built upon the top of a high rock ; he went to Zăchû, where are many Jews, descendants, I suppose, of those who were carried away captive to Babylon and Nineveh, and where flows the stream by which, many suppose, they sat and "hung their harps upon the willows, as they wept and remembered Zion." From Zăchû he went northward, following up the river Tigris some distance, and visited Sert.

The town of Sert contains a few thousand inhabitants, — Koords, Turks, Jews, Papal Armenians, and others. Ten years ago there was no light of the pure gospel there. A Papal Armenian obtained, from some source, a New Testament. He read it, and wondered. The more he read the more he wondered. The Holy Spirit taught him, and the light broke into his soul. He found Jesus a Saviour from sin and hell. He repented of his sins ; he believed in Christ ; he received forgiveness ; he was full of joy and peace. And now he cried, "What can I do for so dear a Redeemer?"

He told others what a dear Saviour he had found. He was joined by five or six who also obtained a hope in Christ. The cruel priest threatened, and stirred up the people against this little company. But they would meet for prayer and the study of God's Word in some lone ravine of the mountains, while others spent the day in drinking and carousing. Persecutions increased, but the Lord preserved them. The winter was approaching, and they wanted a place in which to meet and pray. They asked the *Lord* to give them a place; he heard their prayer, and in a few days after they began to pray, a Koord came to Yohanan and said he wanted to sell his place. The little company of brethren thanked God, and soon made a bargain. They raised not far from \$200, and bought it. But their enemies were now aroused, and tried to frighten the Koord who had sold the place. They were carried to Bitlis, and the house was taken from them. They returned, and went to Diarbekir, and had the decision reversed. They then built a church in one corner of the lot, and a school-house in another, and a parsonage in another! Then they wrote to Mr. Williams of Mardin, for a pastor. He replied that he would find one if they would agree to give half his support, which they promised to do. He is now laboring among them, the little church numbering twelve, and their congregation often more than one hundred. Eighty have enrolled their names as Protestants. They take up a collection every Sabbath for the *poor*, and for expenses of wood, lights, etc. Every month they take up a collection for the support of a young man, whom they have sent to labor

in a Koordish-speaking village among the mountains beyond them. And every three months they take a contribution for their pastor. They, that is the Protestants, have given up the use of tobacco and wine, and are very careful in the observance of the Sabbath. They always carry their Testaments with them, and read and talk with all who will listen, working continually for Christ. They meet for prayer every morning at sunrise, and are very full of love for one another.

Deacon Sego is still faithfully laboring, as we see from the January number of the "Missionary Herald," selling many Bibles, and meeting many Armenians and Mussulmans who inquire for the precious light of the *Word*.



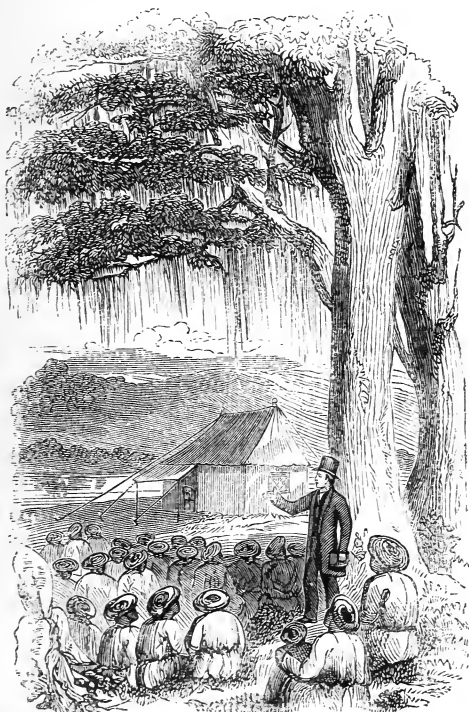
INDIA.

INDIA, a large country in the south part of Asia, was the first land to which the American Board sent missionaries, nearly sixty years ago. The people are heathen, worshipping very many idol gods, and with many cruel as well as foolish rites. The Board has now two missions on the continent in India, and one on the island of Ceylon near by. The Mahratta mission, in Western India, has twenty-three churches, with 656 members ; twelve native pastors, and many other "helpers" in the mission work. It has a boarding-school for girls with sixty pupils, and thirty-eight common schools with about 700 scholars. In the Madura mission, in Southern India, there are thirty-one churches,

with 1,322 members ; and about ninety schools, of different kinds, with almost 2,000 pupils.

A MISSIONARY ON A TOUR.

HERE is quite a common scene in India. The missionary is out with his tent and some native preachers,



A MISSIONARY PREACHING.

visiting from one village to another. You see his tent

set up in the distance. He and his companions have been visiting in the early morning from house to house, talking with the people, and inviting them to come and hear them preach. And now, just before night, when the sun is low, or, better yet, by moonlight, if there is a moon, the missionary takes his place under a large tree and begins to sing. This is as good as a bell, and soon calls together the congregation. Here you see them sitting on the ground, while he is telling them "the old, old story."

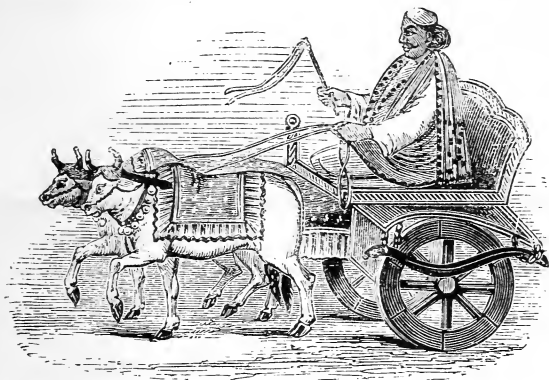
A THREE DAYS' RIDE IN INDIA.

BY REV. H. J. BRUCE.

THREE or four weeks ago Mr. Wood of Ahmednuggur came to Rahûri, and we decided to make a tour for the purpose of visiting some of my schools. Would you like to make this tour with us, and see what we saw, and hear what we heard? Well then, we will get our provisions packed in boxes, and our clothes and bedding tied up in bundles, and start very early in the morning, for it is a long way that we have to go on the first day. A two hours' ride in the bullock cart brings us to the village of Gahû. Here we will stop and examine a school. The children are somewhat frightened to have two "sahebs" hear their lessons, and they make some curious answers; but on the whole they do very well. They read and write; recite the catechism, ten commandments, and Lord's prayer; and have commenced the study of arithmetic. They learn the multiplication table up to ten times thirty, instead of to twelve times twelve as you do. Two of the boys are

very good singers, but we cannot stop long to hear them.

After the examination of the school, the Christians and people come together, and the pastor of the church presents his little child for baptism. Isn't it a gladdening sight? He who only a few years ago was himself a heathen, is now the pastor of a Christian church, and he brings his little one to offer it unto the Lord. This



A BULLOCK CART.

is one of the "roses in the desert," that the prophet Isaiah speaks about.

Five miles more in the bullock cart, and we will stop for dinner. There are no hotels here, so we must set our own table, and provide our own food, after which we must travel thirteen miles more before night. The village of Pimpri is on the way, and there is a good school there. We cannot stop to examine it to-day, but we will let the bullocks rest for a few minutes while we go and make "salam" to the people. There are

no Christians here except the teacher and his family ; but when the people hear of our coming they come out to meet us, and one old man very affectionately takes the missionary's hand in both of his, and leads him to the village, telling him how glad they are to see him. We talk with them a few minutes and then start on our way, promising to return again the next day. I have not time to tell you of the people we saw beyond, or of the meetings we held, but at noon the next day we returned to Pimpari, and found that the teacher had prepared a nice dinner for us. The school is larger and the scholars are more advanced than at Gahû. How finely the boys read ! We are surprised that they give all the inflections so accurately, and we feel that the teacher is deserving of great credit. I told you that there were no Christians here, but after we have examined the school and preached to the people, a man comes and wishes to say something, but seems afraid to say it. After some encouragement, he says he wishes to give his child to the Lord. He believes the Christian religion is true, and he wishes his child to be baptized and trained up according to its precepts. We tell him that we have no authority to baptize young children unless their parents are believers ; that he must first " believe and be baptized " himself, and then he can offer his child acceptably in baptism. The people are very much interested in the truth, and we have great hope that many of them will give their hearts to the Saviour. We now return to the place where we took dinner the day before, and there stop over night. In the morning we leave the smooth road on which we

have been traveling, and go over the rough country roads, four miles, to Satral. Here too is an excellent school, which we examine as we have done the others. Besides the usual studies, the boys have learned to answer a great many questions on the Gospel of Luke; and some of them sing very sweetly. A great many people are assembled, and we have a meeting at which the teacher presents his child for baptism.

This is the last of the schools which we can visit at present, and from this place we return to our Rahûri home. I only hope that my young friends will enjoy this three days' tour as much as I did, and that you will become more and more interested in trying to send the gospel to these poor children of India.



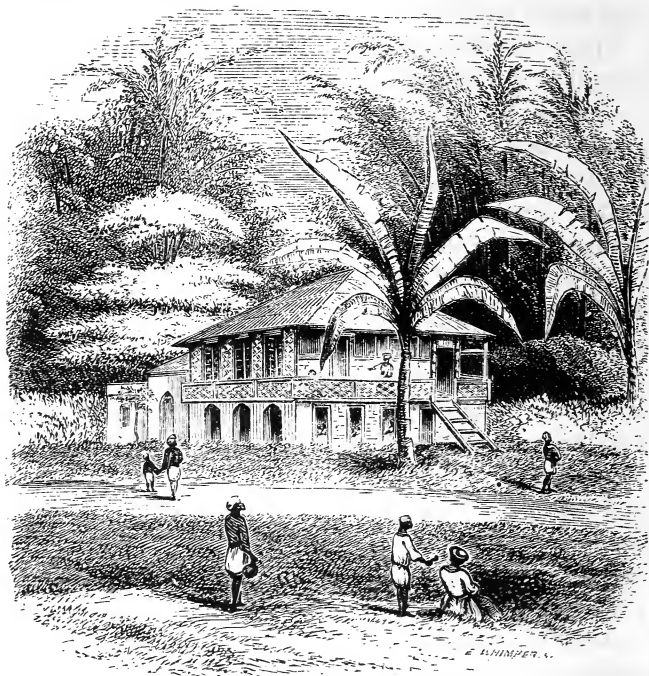
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AT MANA MADURA.

BY REV. W. B. CAPRON.

As I sit at my writing table I hear, through the open window, the hum of voices upon the veranda, and one after another trying, with evident amusement to pronounce the names of the rivers of China. This is our station school for girls, which I have been wishing for a year to describe to you, but other topics crowded into my letters and the school had to wait.

Nothing astonishes the people of this country more than to hear that in America all the little girls attend school, and are taught to read. And nothing is more difficult than to persuade them to send their own daughters to school. The consequence is, that the women of this country, for the most part, are very igno-

rant and stupid, and it is quite common to hear them called *donkeys*. Indeed, when speaking to women in the villages about the Christian religion, I have many times heard the women themselves say, "What do we donkeys know?"



A SCHOOL-HOUSE IN INDIA.

Even the native Christians do not easily get rid of their old customs and prejudices, and therefore it is very hard to persuade them to send their daughters to our schools, and harder yet to induce the women to

learn to read. There are fifty-five Christian women in my stations, only nine of whom can read, and yet it has been known for many years that I would give a new cloth — that is, a new dress — to any Christian woman who would learn to read, and another cloth to any one who would teach her.

Many are the vain efforts I have made to get the girls into our boarding-school in Madura! Once I even offered to pay the expense of hiring another girl to come and help a mother at house work, in order that her daughter might be sent to school, that I might have in that village the example of an intelligent Christian woman reading the Bible. That offer was in vain, but the girl, I am glad to say, is here now, and at the head of the school, very happy in the opportunity to learn, and giving good evidence that she has been “born again.” How did we persuade her parents to spare her? By promising that if they would let Mariammél (or Mary) come, we would take her little brother also. The people generally are as anxious to send their sons to a boarding-school as they are unwilling to send their daughters. In two or three cases we have received boys into the school on condition of receiving also the older sister, and in two instances we have received a mother with her child. One of these mothers was a widow, who learned to read, and what is very uncommon in this country, was remarried, her husband being a man whom we had taught to read, in order that he might not know less than his wife. And now both have promised to read the Bible together every evening, and to have family prayer.

After the girls of that village had been home two or three vacations, and showed their happy faces and improved appearance, a heathen girl, by name Karappai (Kur-up-pī), was pointed out to me, and I was delighted to find that she was willing to come to our school. She was poor, but I was pleased with the propriety with which she replied to my questions, and with the modest eagerness which she manifested to learn. It was apparent, even in her rags, that she was an uncommon girl, and we found, after a little acquaintance, that her large frame contained a large heart, and that there was no girl in the school for whom it would pay better to labor. She is not here now, having gone home to wait on her widowed mother, who is ill, and who, for a heathen, is rich in having an affectionate daughter to care for her.

Another girl whom I took great pains to get, and brought here after a year of entreaty, has left us from homesickness, and I fear will not return. I wish I could show you her home, and let you see which you would think pleasanter, that or our happy school. But "home is home, be it ever so homely," and her father's mud house; and the buffalo and calves tied by the open door, are as pleasant to her as your father's home is to you. They suffered much from the famine, and I think that in their own want of food they let her poor old grandfather die of starvation. The last time I was at their house before Péchi (Pay-chee) came to the school, they had only one quart of millet for six grown persons to eat — or less than the allowance for two of our school children. How sweet that morsel

must have been to make the girl willing to leave us ; and how blinded the parents to take their child from study and from plenty, to starve, soul and body, with themselves. I was anxious lest this should send them all back to heathenism, but my fears, I trust, may prove needless. The father was in former times a devil-dancer, and when he came over to Christianity, gave to me his implements of worship, which I sent to a friend in America. He seems to have clear ideas of the power and oversight of the true God, and I was much encouraged the other day in hearing him say to a heathen man, "Does your swámy help you on this journey? No, you had to leave him at home. But if you ask God to help you he will come with you all the way." I am also encouraged because the man has, at my suggestion, taken up the habit of family prayer. To be sure the first time that I heard him he began with, "O Lord bless my calves, and my cattle, and my children," but the last time I heard him he had much improved, and placed *souls* before beasts.

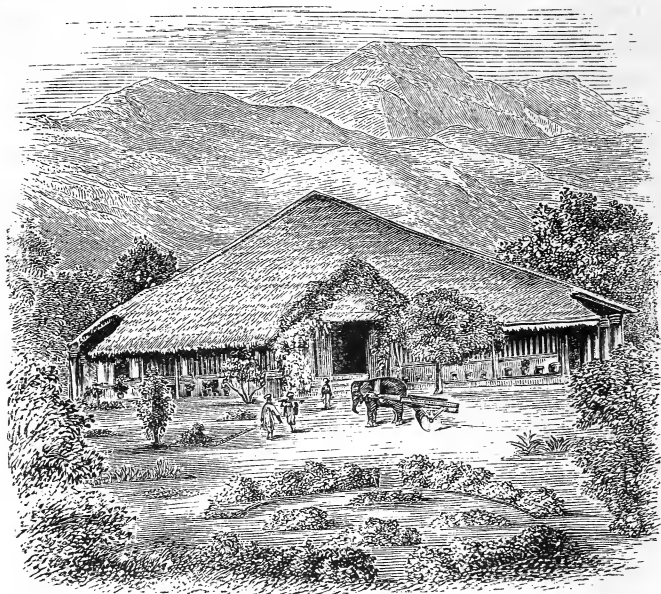
The mother is a good woman for one who has been almost all her life a heathen. I have been hoping that her heart might be opened to the gospel. Let me ask you to pray for this girl, that we may succeed in getting her back into the school, and leading her to "the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Our school numbers eighteen. Of these, eight are supported by money sent us from the Missionary House, and ten, with the approval of the Prudential Committee, are supported by private contributions from our friends in America.

A SABBATH EVENING IN INDIA.

BY MRS. CAPRON.

AT the close of the afternoon service, I called some of my Tamil girls, — Virginia, Martha, and Elizabeth,



A MISSIONARY HOUSE IN INDIA.

— and told them they might go to a near village and see if they could find work for Jesus. “Take one of those little magazines,” I said, “and if you find that you are likely to be treated rudely, read a story, and put some questions with it.”

So they went. Virginia is the school-mistress, edu-

cated by a circle of ladies in New Haven, and bearing the name of a sainted daughter, whose mother still sends to her remembrances from America. Dignified, faithful, and a fine singer, she is a good model for these young women who seem so untutored when they first come to us. Martha, whose growing self-control, and tenderness on all holy themes, has so cheered me, has already had experience in this work, but Elizabeth is sent mainly for the reflex influence upon herself. With clean garments, neatly arranged, and glossy hair, with its even parting, they seem to show forth the refining influences of the gospel.

This is their report on their return.

“We saw,” said Virginia, “as we went into the village, three or four women sitting under a tree, and they beckoned to us to come to them. This was a pleasant surprise, and so we went. A young man came up to make fun of us, and said to the women, ‘Are you calling them because you want to go over to their religion, or because you want to make sport for yourselves?’—‘We like to hear them talk,’ was their reply. Soon some women who were at work at a little distance, joined us, and there were ten women, two young men, one old man, and the scoffer; and they listened very well, though the young man often made some mocking speech. I could bear it when I remembered that they said of Jesus, ‘He hath a devil.’ I read a story about, ‘Where does the soul go after death?’ and when I asked questions, I was glad to see that they could answer so well. I had them repeat the gracious words, ‘God is not willing that any should perish.’”

“And then,” said Elizabeth, “that mocking young man asked us, ‘If the missionary’s God is so kind, why doesn’t he send rain?’” — “I told him,” said Martha, “that if it was the stone idols that were to be depended upon for rain, we should have perished long ago.”

Virginia again went on with her story, pleasantly smiling while she said: “I thought, instead of letting them talk about why it didn’t rain, I would tell them about Adam and Eve, and the garden of Eden; and one woman exclaimed, ‘If all you say is true, then how did all these castes come?’ I went on and told them about the flood, and Noah’s family, and said ‘that God had taught the world a lesson on caste twice, and that we were all alike in his sight, — the only difference being that those who honor and love him most will be the most blessed.’”¹

“‘Well,’ said one of the women, ‘then the Brahmins are not so very high up, after all!’

“It was time for the old man to say something now, and he remarked, ‘A fine time of it we should have if caste was given up. There would be no fear, no obedience, no order anywhere.’

“I tried,” continued Virginia, “to make them see that love to Jesus, and gratitude, and a wish to be holy in heart, would make all treat each other kindly and do right, and the world would be a place of happiness and order; but I didn’t think they thought much of

¹ Will some of my young readers, to please the editor, find the following texts, in God’s Holy Word, concerning “respect of persons”? Acts x. 34, Rom. ii. 11, Jas. ii. 8, 9.

what I said. There were two women who, I think, would listen if they were not afraid of others."

"There is a Nicodemus everywhere," I replied. "You must watch for those women, and try for Jesus' sake to speak with them again."

"They are willing," said Martha, with a tone that implied a feeling of discouragement, — "they are willing to let you talk, willing to let you go, willing to let you stay; but they don't seem to care, after all, anything about what you say, or to know what is to become of them after they die. I believe if there had been the least thing started up to be seen, we three should have been left alone."

"Who would certainly have been the fourth in such a trial?" I asked.

With her bright smile, she answered, "O! I know you mean Jesus. It does *us* good to go. I know that very well, but it doesn't seem as if any good would come of it."

Young Christians of a more favored land, you know something of this feeling. Night has shut in. Your Sabbath record, and theirs, is on high. We are training these young Christians in India to "sow beside all waters." I like to remind them of the black mud in which they sow seed, soon to rejoice us all by the "living green" of the beautiful rice-fields. We will hope for the great harvest-day of the Lord.

THE STORY OF PERIANAIKAM.

BY REV. W. B. CAPRON.

I FOUND Perianaiakam (or "Great Authority," as it would be when translated), in the middle of the year 1866, half starved in the famine, and have reason to fear that her mother, a widow, died for want of proper food.

Perianaiakam, when she came to us, was a character. Homely, but with a twinkle to her little eyes, set far back in her head, which prevented her face from being at all repulsive; passionate and violent, but of so tender feelings that at any touching story she was often the first to weep; energetic and rough, but so popular with the younger children that they were glad enough to have her play with them, though not many minutes passed that some were not crying at being struck too hard, or at being tumbled in the dirt.

The change in her was very rapid and remarkable after she entered the school. The people of her village noticed that she was less quarrelsome in vacation, and especially that she treated her sister-in-law more kindly, and they said, "It cannot be so bad, after all, to send girls to school, if it has done so much for Perianaiakam." One way that she earned this good name was by following the good advice — to keep her mouth shut when she was angry, and to pray to God for help. To us here the change seemed to be brought about chiefly by her frequent thoughts of the goodness of God in sparing her life in the famine, and bringing her

to such a home. Almost any remark showing the goodness of God, would send the tears down her cheeks, the joy of her own heart being, as it seemed, that she had been spared to learn the way to heaven.

This girl has recently been very ill; but her life has been given to us in answer to prayer, and she is, we trust, now regaining strength and health. Being obliged to look after her very closely, both day and night, we brought her into our own house after the first few days of her illness. As she had been seized with extreme deafness, we were unable to converse with her, and our anxiety for her recovery was increased by the question whether she was prepared to die, and the fear that our last opportunity of pointing her to Christ was gone. On this account, how pleasant it was, when I kneeled down by her side, and shouted the word "prayer" in her ears, to notice that it caught her attention, and to see the nod of assent. She could hear nothing of the prayer, but I took her hand, or rested my hand upon her head, and perhaps she joined us in spirit.

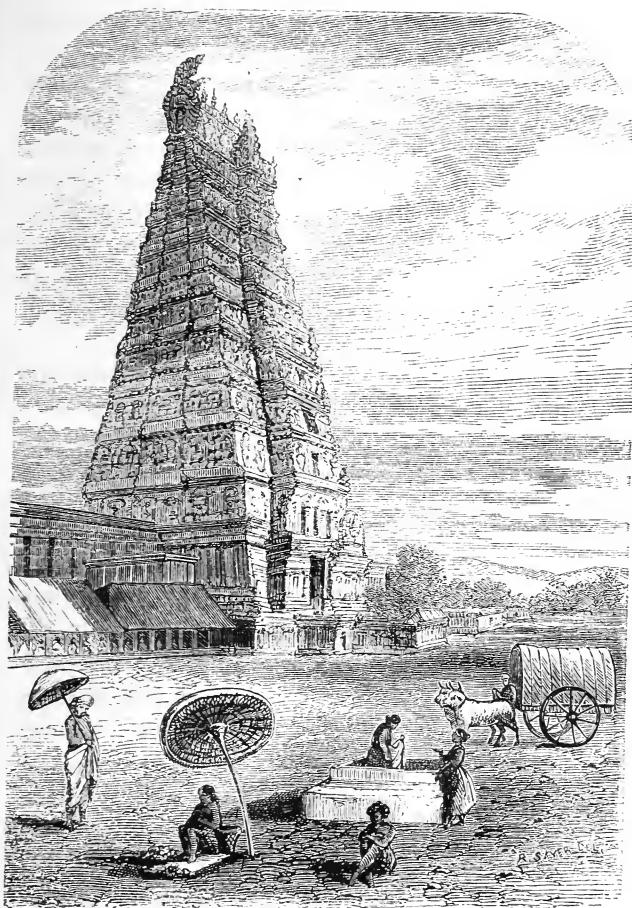
One day, with much difficulty, we asked her the question, "Is Jesus near you?" We were delighted with the answer, "He is near," "He is near," "He is near," repeating the words for several moments, half consciously and half in delirium. One Sabbath morning, when our hope of her recovery was almost gone, Mrs. Capron took the school-girls into the room, and standing around the sick girl, they sang, —

"I have a Father in the promised land."

I had never heard singing go so heavily before, and

can well understand now what it must be at the bedside of the dying. One voice after another choked, and several sobbed aloud. Only one voice was steady to the end, and I well knew with how great an effort. But Mrs. Capron, who sat by Perianaikam nearly all that day, had the satisfaction of seeing some gleams of intelligence, so that she knew those who were around her, and called their names ; and when asked, pointing upward, " Who is there ? " she said, " Jesus is up there," " Jesus is up there," " Jesus is up there ; " and then, as a new thought seemed to come to her, she said, " I am going up there," " I am going up there."

I do not mention these things to show that this girl was prepared for death, because I fear she was not ; while I hope that she has been spared to give her whole heart to Christ. But I mention them to show how we despaired of her life, and that all this while some of the other pupils were praying for her with much faith, and that their prayers were heard. Especially one who is here simply to learn to read the Bible, never wavered in her faith, and her cheerfulness was inspiring to us all. She was sure that this new medicine, and that, would effect a cure ; and hearing that we had sent to Madura for the native assistant physician, her thoughts followed her into her sleep, and she dreamed that a great doctor was coming from Madura, who would quickly give to the poor girl health. She was right, and God granted the comfort and joy to her sooner than he did to us, because he saw her implicit faith.



TEMPLE AT MADURA

“MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.”

WHAT heart clinging by faith to the “Lamb of Calvary,” and bringing its burden of sins to Jesus, but loves this hymn of Dr. Ray Palmer’s? The wife of a missionary in the extreme south of India, when dying, repeated it, saying, “It just expresses my feelings.” Her husband, a successful worker among the palm-climbing Christians of Travancore, has imitated it in Tamil. We give it to you, to show the sound of the Tamil tongue, and still more to encourage the friends of missions with a proof that some of our best hymns are known and sung by those whom some of you may think of, perhaps, as almost barbarians. The same hymn is also sung in other strange languages, as the Arabic, and the Mahratta. To enable you to read it, you should give all the vowels a short sound except those accented, and also pronounce the letters having a dot under them as though preceded by the letter *r*. For example, “*kélum*,” in the first verse, is spoken as though it were “*kerlum*.”

1. Arumai Míd-paré;
Nán vaítettén ummilé
Mey nampikkai.
Kélum en vénḍuthal,
Manniyum mīruthal,
Um sontham ákuthal
En vángsanai.

2. Sórnthā en nengsukku
Kirupai alittu
Pelan koḍum:
A! enakkákavé
Marittér Yésuvé;
Nán ini ummilé
Tarikkattum.

1. O, dear Redeemer,
I have put in thee
True Faith.
Hear my supplication,
Forgive transgression:
Thine own to become:
[Is] my desire.

2. To my fainting heart
Giving grace,
Give strength;
O, for me indeed
Thou diedst, O Jesus;
I, hereafter, in thee
Let [me] abide.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3. Tunpurum póthilé
Ennai nal Míð-paré
Táŋkikkol̄lum.
Erulai pokkumén,
Tukkattai níkkumén,
Tidanai tárumén,
Póntha mat̄tum.</p> | <p>3. When afflictions come,
Me, good Redeemer,
Support;
Darkness put away,
Sorrow remove,
Courage grant,
As much as needed.</p> |
| <p>4. Siva nál óyumé
Sákum nál sérumé
Avvélaíyil
Yésuvé tóndiðum,
En tikel mattiðum
Atmávai sérttiðum
Mél lókattil.</p> | <p>4. The living day will go,
The dying day will come;
At that time
O Jesus! appear,
My terror remove,
My soul receive
In the world above.</p> |

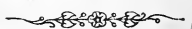
GOOD WORDS NOT LOST.

THE good influence of village Christian schools in India is sometimes shown in curious ways. Visiting a village thirty-two miles from Rahûri, where several years ago there was a mission school, after preaching to the people and singing one or two hymns, I was surprised to hear two young men sing with a good degree of accuracy, the Mahratta translation of the hymn, —

“I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.”

Asking them where they had learned this hymn, they replied, “From the teacher who was here, and died five years ago.” Thus the seed sown by that faithful young man was not lost, but adds another witness to the truth, “Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.” Have you not something to cast beside the waters of

caste-burdened, heathen India? Remember that no good deed done for our Master is left unrewarded ; no “good word” spoken for Jesus is lost ; no “cup of cold water,” or “widow’s mite” given in Christ’s name, but returns to us in blessing. Remember, too, opportunities of doing good do not come back to us.



CHINA.

CHINA is that very large country in the eastern part of Asia, which has so many people, — perhaps ten times as many as there are in all the United States, — a people having no knowledge of the true God or of the dear Saviour Jesus Christ. On the next page is a picture of one of the images they worship. See how the children are taught by their parents to worship idols.

The American Board has one mission at Foochow, in southeastern China, and another at Peking and other places in the northeast part of the country. There are already churches, and schools, and some Chinese converts who preach the gospel to their own people ; and a few things have been written for this book by missionary ladies in China, who hope to see many more Christians there by and by.



THE GODDESS OF MERCY.

MAKING CALLS IN CHINA.

BY MRS. L. E. HARTWELL, OF FOOCHOW.

DEAR CHILDREN, — Will you come in with this company of Chinese women and children, as they have come to make me a call, and see how they look, and hear what they will say? Many heathen women call in this way to see us, and perhaps none of these, save one or two, have ever been to see us, or any foreigners, before. There are eight or ten, some of them very nicely dressed in silk and embroidery, and leaning on servant women, dressed mostly in black. They walk in very slowly, with their little feet, and I give them seats according to their age or rank, in the best chairs; for the Chinese are very particular in their own homes about the seat they give to guests. The servant women sit on the cane-seated sofa, or stand.

The first thing is to give them some hot tea, according to the custom, as, after the exertion of going out, a small cup of tea is very refreshing. The tea is already hot, as by a Chinese contrivance, putting the tea-pot in a pretty wooden box, made the shape of the tea-pot, with napkins inside, the tea retains its heat half a day. After the tea is passed they talk a little, and look around the parlor. First, the high white walls are new to them, for lime is seldom used in their houses. Then the floor, painted in pretty figures, and so clean! They ask if we wash the floor? They wash their unpainted, rough floors once a year, before New Year's. Then the pictures on the wall attract attention. One of them is a life-size photograph of Mr. Hartwell, which some

perhaps recognize, and say, "O yes, we have seen him walk by in our street." Next are the pictures of Presidents Lincoln and Grant, and with pride I say of the latter, "This is our Emperor, or President." They notice some vases on the mantel and admire them, asking if we make such nice vases *our side*. They seem to think nice vases only grow in China.

I then wind up the large music-box for them to listen to, which they think wonderful indeed, showing the great skill of people "our side." Soon the eyes drop on the center table, and there is the stereoscope with its fine views. With these they are delighted, and their praise is unbounded. They never saw anything so distinct and beautiful. "Are these houses such as you live in, in America?" they ask. I reply, "They are views of fine houses and streets in some of our cities."—"Beautiful indeed!" they exclaim. The view of the moon is very wonderful to them, and the sight of a room full of people printing paper bills, in Washington, brings the question, "Do you have paper money in America?" They have it here, but wonder that *we* are so civilized as to have it. I show them our photograph album, and let them see our children in America, and also our parents, and say, "We do not worship our parents, but we remember them, and have their photographs." "There is reason in that," they say, for they prize paintings of their parents and often have them.

By this time I think they have seen enough, and take my Chinese Bible, and say to them, "You think we have much ability our side of the world; shall I tell you what makes the difference between us and you?"

We have the Bible, the Word of God, that teaches us who made us and the world, and constantly preserves us. You have not the Bible, and therefore you worship idols, and have fallen into many errors. We are sinners, and need a great change before we can be fitted to live in heaven." They have the word heaven, and some vague ideas of it. I then tell them of Jesus, who so loved us that he came from heaven, became a child, and in the flesh bore the punishment of sin for us. I read the first half of the third chapter of John, which you know contains the essence of the Gospel, and tell them we are taught there the two important things needful for us. We need to be renewed, born again ; and we need a Saviour from the punishment due to us. With these two truths believed and acted on, we may attain to everlasting blessedness in the world to come.

They listen very well, and ask some questions. Then they ask if they may see my room. Chinese ladies always ask me to see their bedroom when I visit them. This is in fact their sitting-room. They are quite pleased to see the wide bed, with the mosquito net put back at the head, and they ask if it is to be drawn along at night. Their curtains only have the front sides looped back in the daytime.

The mirror attracts the most attention. They see themselves to better advantage than ever before, as their mirrors are small, and set in dressing-cases. In winter, the stove in the parlor, and the woolen carpet are very strange to all Chinese. Once a poor woman had been examining a worsted scrap bag in one corner.

Its scarlet and white she thought very pretty, and asked what it was, and if I made it. I told her it was for scraps, and was given me by a dear sister. She then looked around the room and said, "Your house is beautiful indeed! The Emperor's palace cannot be any more so than this!"

The children are as much interested as any, and are getting impressions they may never forget. You notice the children are quite polite. The boys come up and bow quite low, putting their hands together. They are taught politeness in saluting friends very early, and they are so ready in their forms of salutation, I think some lads in America could learn from them, — when they shake hands with gentlemen without raising their hats from their heads.

We cannot but think there are some very pleasant things about these Chinese, and are glad we have come to live among them to try and lead them to Jesus. Would some of you like to come and live with them too?

FOOCHOW, CHINA, *June 4, 1869.*

OUR JOURNEY FROM PEKING TO YUJO.

BY MRS. E. GULICK.

WE left Peking in sunny June, to go to Yujo (Yu Cho). Mr. Gulick desiring to preach and distribute books in the villages we passed through, we went by short stages, not often more than twenty miles a day.

The second morning, after a two hours' ride, we stopped at a little eating-house by the way-side, and

breakfasted under the shadow of an archway. Several women from the neighboring cottages came around us and listened to the gospel message. We were much astonished and encouraged to find that there was one elderly woman who understood and remembered nearly all we said. We heard her relating much of it to fresh comers, — Christ's love to man seeming to make a deep impression on her heart. We talked with her as long as we could, and gave her a Gospel by Mark, begging her to get some one to read it to her. I left her feeling sad when I thought that perhaps she might never have another opportunity of hearing the truth.

The next day we passed a Buddhist temple, situated under the shadow of a noble rock. At the base of the rock was a cave through which flows a stream of cold water. The priests told us that last year, owing to the drought, they entered into the cave more than a mile, for water. How much beyond that it extended they never did not know, as they were afraid to go further.

The largest town we saw was Yujo. We reached it about six o'clock in the evening, after a thirty miles' ride. Mr. Gulick spent an hour or more in selling books, and preaching, as we passed through the main streets, on our way to the inns. When we reached them, inn after inn was closed against us. It was getting dark, and a large crowd surrounded us. At last we went to one that had an eating-house attached to it. The owners, on our approach, closed the gates, and said every room was full. We planted ourselves in the gateway, determined to lodge there if they would not give us admittance. After waiting patiently, or impa-

tiently, for some time, we thought we might better our condition by getting into the eating-house, and leaving our animals in the gateway. We watched our opportunity, and slipped in, much to the discomfort of the landlords, who protested against our remaining there. Mr. Gulick talked very courteously to them, and told them we could sit there till they gave us a room. Thus we waited two hours, till they got tired, and we both tired and hungry; when one of the subordinates told us that it would be necessary to send to the magistrates for permission to give us lodgings. At length an officer came with several attendants, and a room was provided us. The next morning Mr. Gulick went into the town, and sold almost all the books we had with us. The people came around in large crowds, and were more eager for books than in any other place we passed through. They behaved remarkably well, and seemed much gratified when Mr. Gulick commended them for their good manners.

The day after we left Yujo we had to travel over a grand mountain pass, walking up one steep ascent of three miles. The view from the summit was grand, and if at times we have discomforts when traveling we have at others much enjoyment. Seven miles beyond the highest point of this pass is a small mountain village, called Gem Mountain Store. We were here heartily welcomed into a clean inn, by an aged woman, a widow, seventy years old, and her son. This was quite refreshing after the treatment we had endured at some of the other places. We were indebted for this welcome to Mr. Blodget, who had spent

a night at this inn two years before, and had won their hearts by his brotherly salutations and friendly conversation. While we were having tea, the door was opened, and there in the neat room, we saw sitting on the floor around a lamp, six or eight men reading the Scriptures with Yung Fa (the Christian lad who accompanied us), and asking him questions about what they were reading. Afterwards several came in to talk with Mr. Gulick.

While Mr. Gulick was talking to some men, our hostess took me to her private residence to see her son's wives and her grandchildren, thirty in number. After the usual compliments had passed, they examined my face, and concluded that if I would only pull out my eyebrows, and part of the hair over my forehead, wearing it as they did, I should be good-looking. I told them our country was a long way off, and our customs were different, but that there was only one heaven, and one God who made heaven and earth and all of us, and we had come to tell them about him, and about his love for them. When I told them about our Saviour's suffering for sinful man, the mother became much interested; and whenever I said anything she did not understand, she asked her daughters to tell her what I had said.

The women asked me many questions, not about my dress or food, as is usually the case, but about the Way of Life, and how they could serve Jesus. When I left them, some followed me out and asked me how they could pray to God, and several begged me to come again, to tell them more. The old lady accompanied

me back to the inn, and when she heard we were about to start, expressed great solicitude for my safety in crossing the river, and tried to impress upon Mr. Gulick the duty of taking care of me. "He was on no account to let me ride the donkey, but to ride it himself and let me ride the horse." At parting she asked us when we could come again. My heart sank within me as I asked myself "When?"

This little village is within what we consider "our parish," but that is larger than the whole of England. The place is small, about seven days' ride from Kalgan, and the road to it lies through stony passes, over high mountains, crossing a wide river fifteen times, and which is often impassable. We may never be able to go there again, and this may be the only opportunity ever given them of hearing about the way of salvation.

THE LITTLE BLIND GIRL.

BY MRS. H. F. BALDWIN.

ON a chilly morning in November, a little blind child was found on the hill, just outside of our compound-door, at Foochow, China. It would seem that her father left her there. She is not larger than a child of two years (though seemingly older), and is hopelessly blind. We have given her the name "Gathered Pearl," and have placed her in the school; but thus far she has been no expense to the Board, friends having kindly contributed to her support. She can repeat part of a hymn, and is now learning the commandments. It will be interesting to watch her progress in

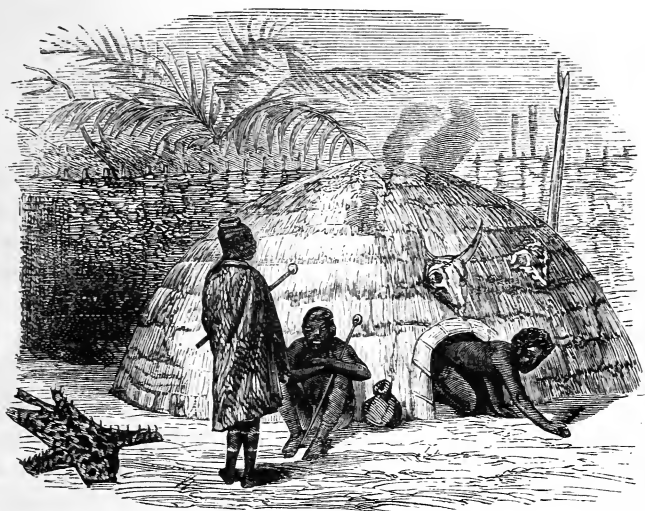
religion and secular knowledge ; and a good opportunity is afforded to show the heathen around us the superiority of that religion which extends to such unfortunate ones the hand of compassion and love.

This paper was found with her : “ This girl’s surname is Tiong. She is five years old, and was born on the 15th of the eleventh month, at twelve o’clock. During the fifth month of the present year, she was attacked with measles and took a fever, and so her two eyes became blind. My wife is dead, and as I cannot nourish and take proper care of the child, I greatly fear her life would be endangered. I rely wholly upon the school which foreigners have established for the care of little girls. And as the foreign physician has a good reputation, I desire he may heal her. Should you nourish and care for the child until she reaches adult age, your merit will be boundless.”



THE ZULU MISSION.

THE Zulus are a very degraded heathen people, in the southeast part of Africa. The picture shows how they live in their heathen state. The Board has had a mission among them since 1835. Some of the “barbarous people” have become civilized and Christian, and a few have become good preachers of the gospel. There are eleven churches, with four hundred and fifty-six members ; seventeen common schools, with seven hundred and sixty-two scholars ; a training-school for young men, for raising up preachers and teachers ; and a boarding-school for girls, connected with the mission.



A ZULU HUT

AN INVITATION.

MRS. K. C. LLOYD, of Umvoti, Zulu Mission, writes to the children of America, asking them to spend a Christmas with her among the black people of Africa. Who will go?

She says:— Were some boys and girls in America to go on board ship at New York or Boston, and sail two or three months in the right direction, they would find themselves on the Indian Ocean; and if they landed on the palm-fringed shore, they would find a people tall and black. They might frighten you a little at first, and perhaps you would not like to go alone,

for the ships that sail to that land of Africa are small ; it is a long journey ; the people are wild and strange ; so that older people are sometimes afraid of them. It is not now as when your mothers and mine were girls, and soon we hope that even little people will not be afraid. These black and wild people are living all over the land, in small grass huts, built in a circle usually, where many people live together. As the ship sails near the shore before you land, it seems as if each hut were but a dog-kennel, the doors are so small ; and when I first tried to go into one, I went on my hands and knees, and stuck fast in the door ; and I had then to get out again as best I could, and tried it again backwards, and stuck again ; but now I can go in and out like a native. But it was these wild men, not myself, I was going to write about.

They are divided into tribes, each having its own chief or ruler. Near these black men live some yellowish people, called *Hottentots*, that look, they say, like the Egyptians, and speak a language which sounds very much like a boy with a bushel of walnuts on a stone floor, cracking them as fast as he can. That's the way *Hottentots* talk ! Near these yellow people live *Bushmen*, small-sized, of the same color, and not much larger than Tom Thumb. Their speech sounds something like the walnut-cracking ; and they are so wild we do not see much of them, and know but little about them. They use poisoned arrows, so that people are afraid to go very near them.

There are these three kinds of people here. but it is of the black ones I shall write now. They have kind

hearts, but the tribes do not love each other, and the chiefs fight very often. You have seen the regiments in America, at the time of the war, and know how one wore a gray uniform, another blue, and some *butternut colored*. Here each regiment has its *shields* alike, — made of skin, tough and stiff, though rather pretty. One has black shields, one white, another striped; so that each regiment looks quite fine, with shields and spears. They do not wear clothes, but when going to war have skin ornaments. They do not know of God, but worship the spirits of their fathers, believing each man has the spirit of some friend taking care of and watching over him.

When they think their spirits are angry, or want meat, they kill an ox or some other animal, and shut it up in a hut, leaving it there through the night, that the spirit may eat of it; only the funny thing is, the spirits never take any of the meat away, and in the morning the people eat it.

They think they know the wishes of their grandfathers, through some men called witch-doctors, who pretend to talk with these spirits. These doctors curl their hair, put on bladders, and roots, and bones, and small skins about their bodies, and go about deceiving the people, pretending they repeat what the spirits tell them. If you were ill, and should send for one of these doctors, he would come to you, and cook all sorts of stuff in small black dishes over a fire, mumbling and talking; and after a while would say, "Your father's spirit wants an ox; give him some meat and you will get well." If you kill the ox, and put it in the hut for

your dead father to eat (none of it would be gone in the morning!), and recovered, the doctor would tell you he had cured you, and demand his pay. These doctors not only visit sick people, but pretend they can find articles that have been lost or stolen; and they often do, for they are very shrewd.

Near these people lived a black man who was a missionary. He had been taught by white missionaries, and then went to teach his own people. He did not live in a hut, but in a house like those in America. He had only one wife, whereas these poor wild people have a great many; and he, with his family, dressed as you and I do. He had two daughters who had been taught many things, and lived in a pleasant, happy home. One day they saw the shields of the war regiments coming, and in great fear they fled. There were but a few of them — the black missionary and his family, and some of his people who were Christians. They would hide in the night, but in daylight would run, their foes pursuing; until one day a little girl, about twelve years old, was thrust with the spears, so that she could run no longer. She climbed a high rock, where, below, it was deep down, several hundreds of feet; and as she saw them very near her, in chase, down she scrambled — *down — down*. The men saw her, but stopped, holding their breath, expecting to see her fall, dashed to pieces below. By a kind Providence she escaped death, and lay hid in a bush, while the army passed on.

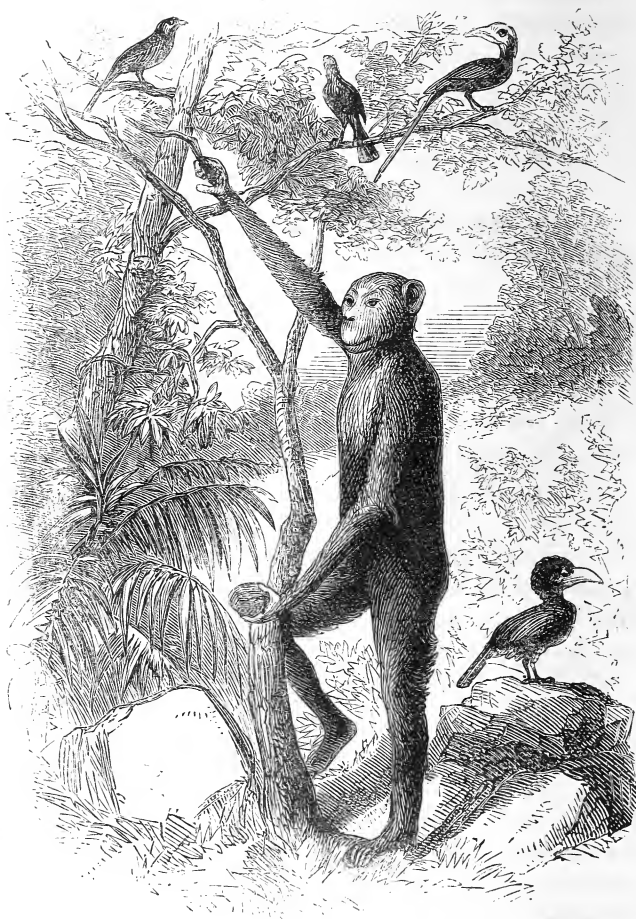
A day or two after her father and some of his companions, hearing of her wonderful flight, came and

saw her lying nearly dead, down in the rocky place — that poor child only twelve years old! She had been so wounded by the cruel spears, and was so faint from want of food, that when they called to her, asking how she got down there, she could not answer them. They saw *they* could never climb down that steep precipice, and going many miles around, they found her, and carried her home. She has never become strong again, from the wounds of the spears; and the sight of any steep place makes her tremble and faint, as she remembers the descent of the rock, bleeding and wounded, and the people following, who dared not go after her.

It would make you very sad to hear all the stories I could tell you of the poor benighted Africans. Some of them are splendid men, yet liable to be killed at any moment like animals; for if a chief dies, they think his body ought not to touch the earth, and a deep hole is made, and his principal men are killed; so it is said, "He goes not to the land of the dead alone." The crying of the people is sad and fearful when their chief dies, and so many must die with him.

Since the missionaries came here, many have learned of God, can read their Bibles, and live in pleasant homes, like people in America. This very morning, a little girl, just about the age Ani was when she ran away from the army, came into my room with her work, wanting me to show her how to put the sleeves into a calico dress she was making. (And what little girl in America of that age — the editor asks — can do that?)

I asked her what she was to do with the dress.



THE GORILLA.

“Why,” said she, “do you not know that I am going to school at the seminary? Father says, he wants me to be a teacher!” — “Why, Lucy,” I said, “women are not teachers, are they? Your people think women are of not much account.” — “Yes,” she replied, “mother says ‘they used to say so,’ but we do not think so now; and I asked father to let me go to school, and my brother, who is at the boys’ seminary, has sent my father a letter, saying, ‘Do let Lucy go to school and learn as we do.’ So father said, ‘Yes, of course;’ and I shall come on Friday morning to say good-by.”

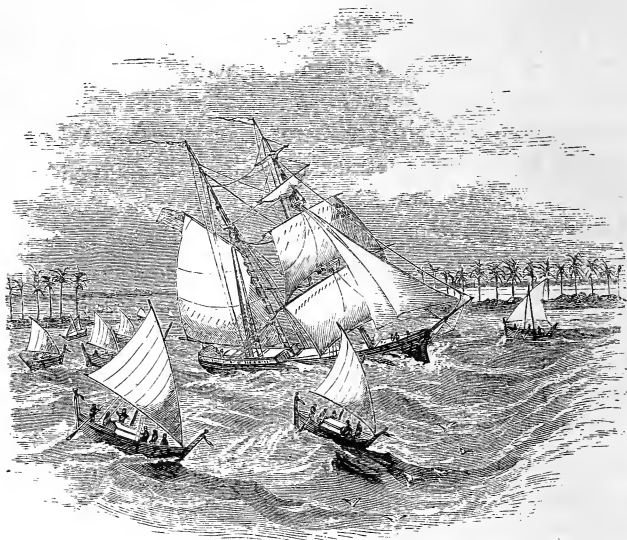
And now, my dear children, if you think the missionaries are not doing good (as I fear many people do think), if you will get into a ship, and come into the Indian Ocean, and come on shore to see me, I will show you many things that will convince you that the “light is dawning” in Africa. And we hope you will help us with your prayers and your pennies; or better still, will come as missionaries yourselves. I am very much your friend, and ask you to come and spend Christmas with me. Do come.



MICRONESIA.

MICRONESIA is that field of “little islands” inhabited by rude, nearly naked savages, away in the Pacific Ocean, some thousands of miles southwest from San Francisco, to which the American Board sent missionaries first in 1852. The American missionaries have been joined by several from the Sandwich Islands, and

a good work is being done. There are now about 500 members of Christian churches connected with the Micronesia Mission. It was for this mission that the children built the first and the second *Morning Star*.



THE "MORNING STAR."

"God speed the mission ship,—
The ship the children love ;
And through its means may many souls
Be led to light above."

TO THE OWNERS OF THE "MORNING STAR."

BY MRS. STURGES.

YOU have heard how well pleased all the missionaries of Micronesia were with your beautiful new ship, and as I have been living on one of the islands to which she makes her yearly visits, and was so happy aboard her during her visit here, I have often thought of you since, and of the happy country in which you live. I wish I could tell you how beautifully free America looks to me, over the thousands of miles that separate me from it, and the years that have passed since I left it.

Often do I see, in imagination, its great cities and rivers, its wide fields of waving grain, its fruitful gardens and comfortable homes ! And how lovely do you look to me — troops of healthy boys and girls, sitting quietly beside your kind teachers in Sunday-school, or hurrying in crowds to your play from your pleasant school-rooms, or to homes where you will find peace, joy, and loving care.

On this island (Ponape) there is no cleared land, there are no cultivated fields, good roads, or pretty villages. The whole island is thickly covered with bread-fruit, cocoa-nut, and forest trees ; the natives building their little reed houses under these, pulling up the weeds a little around them, so that they can plant a few bananas and yams, the vines of which they train up into the trees, on long strings of bark. The nearest approach to a village is at one of the mission sta-

tions, where there is the home of the missionary, a storehouse, a church, a large native house for strangers, five or six small native dwelling-houses. This the natives call "kanim lapalap," — city great. Don't you think they would open their eyes a little were they to wake up some morning in New York, or Cincinnati, or Chicago ! We see no people riding in carriages, or on horseback ; no flocks of white sheep, no kind, gentle cows coming leisurely home at night. The only animals here are pigs, dogs, cats, and rats.

Sometimes I think it would be all the pleasure I should ask, to spend one day in Ohio looking at the beautiful country, even were I not permitted to speak a word to a person there. And O ! how I sometimes long to see once more the beautiful country over which I used often to ride, near my native village ; or feed once more, with apples, our good "mooly cow," or put my arms round the neck of our old horse Major, who used to love to be petted as well as a child does, and used to snap his teeth in rage if we pointed our fingers at him and said "shame !" You know we judge of things much from contrast, and thus the rough wildness of everything here heightens my appreciation of the order and beauty in my native land ; and sometimes it seems to me the statement I heard our little Julie make gravely a few days since, that "America is part of heaven," is not a very incorrect one.

You hear much said about the heathen, but I suspect it is not easy for you to understand how the people differ from yourselves, or their countries from your own.

The following is part of a conversation a returned missionary once had with some children in your country. He had been telling them about the heathen children on these islands, urging them to save their money to send them the Bible and teachers, when Charley asked, "But the children are happy, are they not?" — "Yes," replied the missionary, "many of them are as happy as your dog Carlo. They have plenty to eat; they run about and play as he does; they have no clothes, but it is so warm they need none. But they are not made happy by having kind, Christian parents, brothers and sisters to love them; they are not made happy by going to school, and having books to read; they know nothing about the happiness of loving God, and believing he loves them. You would not think yourself very happy, would you, Charley, were you only as happy as Carlo is?" Charley thought not. "And," said the missionary, "most of them are not *as* happy as Carlo is, because they are not as good as he is. They often get very angry, when they are playing together, and one will take up a stick saying he is going to kill some one who has troubled him, and I'm afraid he would be glad to kill him if he dared. Many of them are such poor, sickly little things, it would make you sad to see them."

"But," said Mary, "perhaps they couldn't learn if they had teachers. Perhaps they have no more mind than Carlo has." "O, yes, they can learn," replied the missionary; "there are teachers on some of the islands, where they have schools, and the children learn to read, write, and sing very sweetly." "But," said Lucy,

“as the people do not know about Jesus, will not God let them go to heaven if they do what they think is right?” “Yes, we think so,” replied the missionary, “but the trouble is none of them *do* what they *think* is right. One of our good Christian natives once came to me to ask if none of his friends who died before missionaries came were saved, and when I told him I thought God would take them to heaven if they did what they thought was right, he looked very sad. I asked him if they knew before missionaries came that it was wrong to kill each other, to steal, and do other wicked things? He said ‘Yes, but they all did them.’ No, my dear children,” continued the missionary, “of the many millions of heathen, probably very few follow the voice of their consciences ; so we cannot expect they will be saved because they ‘do as well as they can.’ No, we must carry the Bible to them, teach them about Jesus, asking the Holy Spirit to change their hearts, and thus make them fit for heaven.”

The children thought the missionary was right, and gladly brought their dimes, taking stock in the *Morning Star*.

I wish some of you could come to my school-room to-morrow. You would find, not boys and girls only, as you have in your schools, but growing men and women, and some old people with white hair. But few of the boys attend regularly, liking better to roam in the woods, catch birds, or paddle about in their canoes.

Did you ever know any such boys? Some women come with their little babies, wanting to learn, and we

let the babies come rather than have the mothers stay at home.

All are seated on the floor, and after singing and prayer, all who are old enough, and not *too* old, write on their slates for half an hour. Then we have an exercise in mental arithmetic, using counters, as you do in some of your schools. This the scholars like very much, many having learned perfectly the multiplication table, adding and subtracting numbers rapidly. After this all read in little circles of ten or fifteen, one of the best scholars in each class being teacher. Some classes read in concert, in different parts of a primer, one class in a book of Bible stories, one in the Gospel of Luke, and another in Acts. Then the readers stand in two long rows to spell. This amuses them, as it is hard to get them to stand erect, because the custom here is for the common people to stoop, or creep, when in the presence of their chiefs.

After a recess, the best scholars study for an hour while others read again, and then we have a Bible lesson, and sing a quarter of an hour or more, before the school closes. Some days the babies are very quiet, but on others they cry, and the scholars are amused, laughing at every disturbance. Then it is difficult to gain their attention, and I sit in mute despair, as I think of the pleasant schools I used to teach in my native land.

You would laugh at some of the names of the children. One of the boys is "Pik en uol," which means, wild pig; another is "Jet amau" — shirt good. One of the girls is "Li Merrikan Jop" — woman American

ship ; another is “Lukinkilaj” — looking-glass ; another, “Omperela” — umbrella. Li, pronounced le, meaning woman, is a prefix to most of their names.

Some of my scholars have been baptized, receiving Christian names, which I find much more pleasant than the foregoing.

We have native hymns to many of the tunes you love, such as “Happy Land,” “Shall we sing in heaven together?” — and the natives are delighted with them. By way of variety, I have taught my scholars a little English song, and that you may see how English looks when spelled as we spell, according to sound, I will write a verse of it for you : —

Kom, kom kom ! Kom aue tu jekul,
 (Come, come, come ! Come away to school,)
 Lip iur pile ant kom aue,
 (Leave your play and come away,)
 Ant kom tu jekul.
 (And come to school.)

The second line of the next verse is : —

Lip iur work.
 (Leave your work.)

And of the third verse : —

Yek iur puk.
 (Take your book.)

Of the next : —

Yont pi let.
 (Don't be late.)

Are you not glad, dear children, that you have built a missionary ship, to bring teachers to these poor untaught people, and that now *many*, as we hope, will go

to heaven who must have perished forever if the Bible had not been sent to them?

And will you not pray for them, that they may forsake the service of idols (or false gods), and love the Saviour? Will *you* not love this dear Saviour? You know, when he was on earth, he told the Jews that many should come from the East and the West, and sit down in the kingdom of heaven, while they, the children of the kingdom, must be shut out, because they did not believe on him. And often, when thinking of you, I think how very sad it will be, if any of you who have helped to save these heathen, should yourselves perish forever! O,—

“Come to Jesus *just now*,”

then you may be sure he will hear your prayers that these heathen, too, may come to him.



A SABBATH AT APAIANG.

BY MRS. BINGHAM.

It was a November day, but bright and warm as a July Sabbath in dear New England (though in no other respect was it like that), on that little coral island of Apaiang, which is so near the equator that the days and nights are nearly the same length all the year. No sweet-toned Sabbath-bell rang through the cocoa-nut-trees to call the children to Sabbath-school, and there could be no service in the church that day.

The missionaries were there, but the little church was occupied as a dwelling-house by one of the families of a party of heathens, who a few weeks before had located themselves in the capital. It was a sad sight, — broken food and other litter scattered in the place which had been dedicated to the worship of God. But it could not be helped as there was no authority to compel the people to go elsewhere. The king had gone to another island. The school-house, too, where in days before “prayer was wont to be made,” had been so much abused by some of those heathen, even that was not a fit place in which to worship God.

But the missionaries could teach the people at their own house, and after breakfast the sitting-room door was opened, that all who chose might come in to family worship. After this we had first a little meeting, and then the Sabbath-school, with quite a goodly number of children; but the only ones wearing clothing were three, whose father was an Englishman. One of these, whose name, “Temoa,” means chicken, had very bright eyes and a quick mind. She once spent a few months in a mission family, where she learned to read quite fairly, and now she was in a class by herself, reading the “Bible Stories.” Her little brother and sister and some others were just learning their letters. Others could read in the “Primer.” Besides teaching them to read, we taught them hymns, and a translation of the little Catechism, — “Who was the first man?” — and other simple truths about God and the blessed Saviour. Now and then we sang with them, “Come to Jesus,” “Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us,” “I want

to be like Jesus ;” and I think they liked singing best, even though they did not get the tune correctly. About twelve o’clock, or a little after, the Sabbath-school closed ; and some of the little boys found it easier to climb the cocoa-nut-trees belonging to the missionaries, and help themselves to nuts without permission, than to go home for something to eat. Stealing from missionaries they did not seem to think a sin.

After the children had gone, some young men came for instruction, and the missionary was glad to help them ; but you will be sorry that a few of their companions interrupted them, trying to get two dogs into a fight inside the house. Perhaps they thought this would make the missionaries jump up and run out, and then they could have a good laugh. But Mr. B. kindly asked them, once and again, to keep quiet ; and when they would not heed, he felt obliged to tell them they *must* go outside and let him close the door, and be quiet with his class. As we sat down at the usual time for lunch, a great noise attracted our attention. Looking from the window of the dining-room, we saw a group of young men standing at the door. One of those who had tried to set the dogs fighting, and who had the wickedest looking eyes you ever saw, was thrusting a long spear rapidly up and down through the window-blinds, meaning perhaps to break them. and looking as if he would not care if he ran his spear into somebody. “What are you doing ?” was asked. “And what am I doing ?” was his angry reply. What more he might have done, I cannot say, as a friendly young chief persuaded him to go away, and lunch was

taken in quiet ; but what wonder if the missionaries thought of the little flock who would have rejoiced to be taught, but whom they could not reach, as they were on another island.

The Master had given these missionaries different work from what they expected to do for him ; but he did not forsake them. That Sabbath afternoon, the children's *Morning Star*, which had been gone ten weeks, came back, and the next day anchored not very far away. Dear children ! how all the lone missionaries thank you for that little vessel, and how they bless the Master that he keeps her in her many voyages. Like "cold water to a thirsty soul" was the coming then of the Christian captain and the dear missionary friends. Yet there was sadness mingled with the joy, for two of the missionaries must go away. And could they leave the good Mahoe and Olivia [Sandwich Island missionaries], and their little ones, among those lawless heathen ? But they were willing to stay, and trust the Heavenly Friend to care for them. Will not all the dear Sabbath-school children pray for them, not only that they may be kept from harm, but that they may be helped to do good, and win some of those souls to Christ ? Pray, too, for those poor heathen, that they may be inclined to turn to the Saviour.



RAIN FROM HEAVEN.

ONCE a little girl who loved her Saviour very much for having so loved her, came to her clergyman with

some money for the Missionary Society. He opened the paper and found eighteen shillings.

"Eighteen shillings, Mary! How did you collect so much? Is it all your own?"

"Yes, sir. Please, sir, I earned it."

"But how, Mary?"

"Please, sir, when I thought how He had died for me, I wanted to do something for Him; and I heard how money was wanted to send the good news to the heathen."

"Well, Mary?"

"Please, sir, I had no money of my own, and I wanted to save some, and I thought a long time, when it came to me that there were washerwomen who would buy soft water. So I got all the buckets and cans I could, and all the year I have been selling soft water. That's how I got the money, sir."

The minister looked at the little girl who had been so long and patiently working for her Master, and his eyes glistened as he said: "My dear child, I am very glad that your love to our Saviour has led you to work for him. Now I shall put down your name as a missionary subscriber."

"O no, sir; not my name."

"Why not, Mary?"

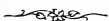
"Please, sir, I'd rather no one knew but Him. If something must be put down, please to write, 'Rain from Heaven.' " — *Church Missionary Instructor*.

THE HOPE OF THE CRIPPLED BOY.

PASSENGERS on board one of the ferry-boats that are constantly plying between the opposite shores of the M —, could see, on bright, warm days, a poor crippled boy, whose limbs were withered and helpless. He wheeled himself about on a small carriage, like that the boys use in play ; and while the little boat threaded its way among the ships of all nations that are anchored in the river, he added to the pleasure of the sail by playing on his concertina. The few pence he always received, but never asked for, were never grudgingly bestowed, and were given not more for the music than for the *honesty* that shone in the boy's blue eyes. One so helpless, it would seem, could do nothing towards fulfilling the command, "Bear ye one another's burdens." Was it so? Was there no service of love for the lame boy — no work for him in the vineyard? One day a gentleman who had often met him, said, "How is it, Walter, when you cannot walk, that your shoes get so worn?" A blush passed over the boy's face, but in a moment he replied, "My mother has younger children, sir, and while she is out washing, I amuse them by creeping about on the floor, and playing with them."

"Poor boy!" said a lady standing near, but not thinking to be overheard, "what a life to lead! What has he in all the future to look forward to?" The tear that started in his eye, and the bright smile that chased it away, showed that he *did* hear her. As she passed him to step on shore he said, in a low voice, but with a

smile that went to her heart: "I am looking forward to having wings, some day, lady." Happy boy! Patiently waiting for the future, he shall by and by "mount up with wings as eagles; shall run and not be weary." "The hope of the righteous shall be gladness."—Proverbs x. 28. Children, would you not like to send such hope to the many "lame and maimed," both in body and *soul*, in lands where Christ and heaven are *not known*,—such as Christ healed when on earth?—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*



PRAYER AND THE BEAR'S PAW.

A LITTLE boy, warmly attached to a missionary, was much alarmed on hearing that in the country to which the missionary had been appointed there were fierce bears, often dangerous to travelers. One day, the child threw his arms about the neck of the missionary, saying: "You shan't be a missionary: you shan't go."

"Why not?"

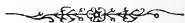
"Because the bears will kill and eat you. You must not go."

"But I *must* go," said the missionary. "God calls me to the work, and I must trust him and not be afraid. He can preserve me. You must pray to God for me, that he will keep me from the bears. Will you pray for me?"

"Yes," said the child, "I will."

After this, the dear child used to finish his prayer, both night and morning, with this petition: "And please God, keep the missionary from the bears."

It happened that on a missionary excursion, when this gentleman was of the party, they met a large and savage bear. One of the party fired, wounding, but not killing the animal, when it turned on the missionary with great fury, and had just caught him, when another shot laid him dead. Calling to mind the prayers of his little friend, the missionary had one of its paws cut off and sent to the boy to show how God had heard his prayers.



LAST WORDS.

IF you have read the foregoing pages, you need nothing more to show you how useful mission schools are. There are two kinds of them, like our common schools and seminaries. The common schools are taught by native Christians, and are a kind of Sabbath-school all the week. The children are taught to read, write, and sing, and besides their lessons in arithmetic and geography have Bible lessons also, and other religious instruction. In the different mission fields of the American Board, there are more than fifteen thousand scholars in such schools, speaking more than twenty different languages — Chinese, Hindoo, Arab, Armenian, African, Indian, and others.

A great many of the schools are supported by the contributions of our Sabbath-schools. The usual cost of one of these common schools is only from thirty to fifty or sixty dollars a year. Some of the larger

schools cost more. If a Sabbath-school, or a Sabbath-school class, or some good man or woman who loves to do something for the poor heathen children, wishes to support a mission school, all that needs to be done is, to send the money, whatever sum it is, to Mr. Langdon S. Ward, Treasurer, Missionary House, Boston, and say where the school shall be, and the money will be sent. How easy it is to do a great deal of good!

But where do you get the teachers for these mission schools? They are trained up in the boarding-schools and seminaries. There are thirty-five such seminaries, sixteen for young men and nineteen for girls and young women. There are more than a thousand pupils in these seminaries. You have read accounts of some of them in this book. They are under the care of missionaries, assisted by native teachers. The scholars are removed from the bad influences of their own homes and old associates, and placed under the best influences of a Christian family. A great many thus become Christians; young men become teachers and preachers to their own people, and the young women, teachers, or the wives of the educated young men. Thus Christian homes are being established around all our mission stations, and their example is a great help to the missionary. Who can tell how much good may be done by these scholars, whom our Sabbath-schools are helping to become teachers to those who, but for them, would never hear of the way to life and of a Saviour's love? I think of it every time I look at the donations on the last page of the Herald, and see what the Sabbath-schools, and other good friends, all over the country, are doing.

This winter, hundreds of these scholars are spending the long vacation at home ; the girls teaching their mothers and sisters to read, and holding prayer meetings in their native villages, while the young men are teaching or preaching.

Boarding-schools and Seminaries for Young Men. The cost, in currency, for each pupil in these, for a year, as nearly as can be estimated, is — in Armenian schools, at Marsovan, \$40 ; at Marash, \$35 ; and at Harpoot, \$30. In the Abeih school, Syria, \$40. In the Nestorian school, at Oroomiah, \$30. In Africa, schools at the Gaboon, \$20 ; Zulu school at Amanzimtote, \$50. In India, Mahratta school, at Ahmednuggur, \$40 ; Madura school (Pasumalie), \$40 ; Ceylon school, Batticotta, \$40. Chinese schools, Foochow, \$35 ; Tungchow, \$35.

Female Boarding-schools and Seminaries. For one pupil a year — in the Bulgarian school, Eski Zagra, in charge of Miss Norcross, \$35.

Armenian, Marsovan, in charge of Miss Fritcher, \$35 ; Aintab, in charge of Misses Proctor and Hollister, \$40 ; Harpoot, in charge of Misses Seymour and Warfield, \$30.

Syrian, Beirut, in charge of Miss Everett, \$100.

Nestorian, Oroomiah, in charge of Miss Dean, \$28.

African, Gaboon, in charge of Mrs. Walker, \$20 ; Zulu, in charge of Mrs. Edwards, \$30.

Mahratta, Ahmednuggur, in charge of Mrs. Bissell, \$30.

Madura Mission, Madura, in charge of Miss Smith, \$30.

Ceylon, Oodooville, in charge of Miss Agnew, \$30 ;
Oodoopitty, in charge of Miss Townsend, \$25.

Chinese, Peking, in charge of Miss Porter, \$40 ;
Foochow, in charge of Miss Payson, \$40.

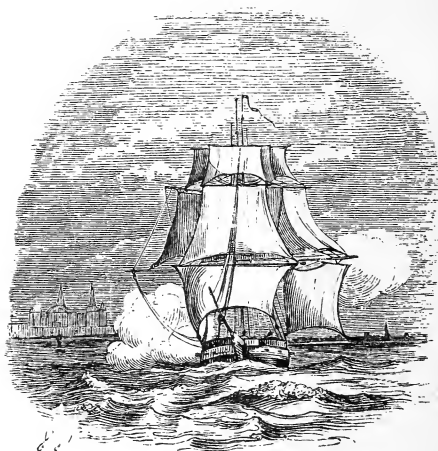
The annual amount required for the support of a native preacher, or a colporter, in any one of the mission fields, is about \$100 ; for a native Christian woman, to act as a Bible-reader, visit families, and hold religious conversations and female prayer-meetings, about \$45. Sixteen women are employed for these purposes in the Nestorian mission alone. The way is opening for such labor in the Armenian and in the India missions.

Individuals, Sabbath - schools, or Sabbath - school classes, can designate, if they prefer, the special object to which their contributions may be applied, and they will be so acknowledged in the Herald.

The missionaries have so much to do that they cannot always write to the Sabbath-schools, as they would be glad to have them ; and letters are long in coming so far, and are sometimes lost ; but when any Sabbath-school desires a special report from the school or pupil it is supporting, a report will be sent once a year, if this desire is expressed when the contribution is sent.

Dear children, and friends of mission schools, we thank you for what you have done ; we thank you in behalf of the thousands of children, of many lands and languages, who through your contributions have heard of a Saviour's love, and have been made to rejoice in some of the blessings of our Christian homes. But O,

how many there are still in ignorance, and in all the darkness of sin, who might be made heirs of life! You will not forget them in your prayers, or in your contributions. Will not every Sabbath-school, and many a Sabbath-school class, support one mission school, or one scholar in some one of the seminaries? It would be hard to find any other way where so much good can be done for so little money. What a joy it will be to us, by and by, to meet in heaven some from China, India, or Africa, whom we have been the means of bringing home to glory! What a joy to feel that we too have had a part in promoting the cause and kingdom of our Lord Jesus upon the earth!







Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2005

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

BV
2065

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 003 828 296 7